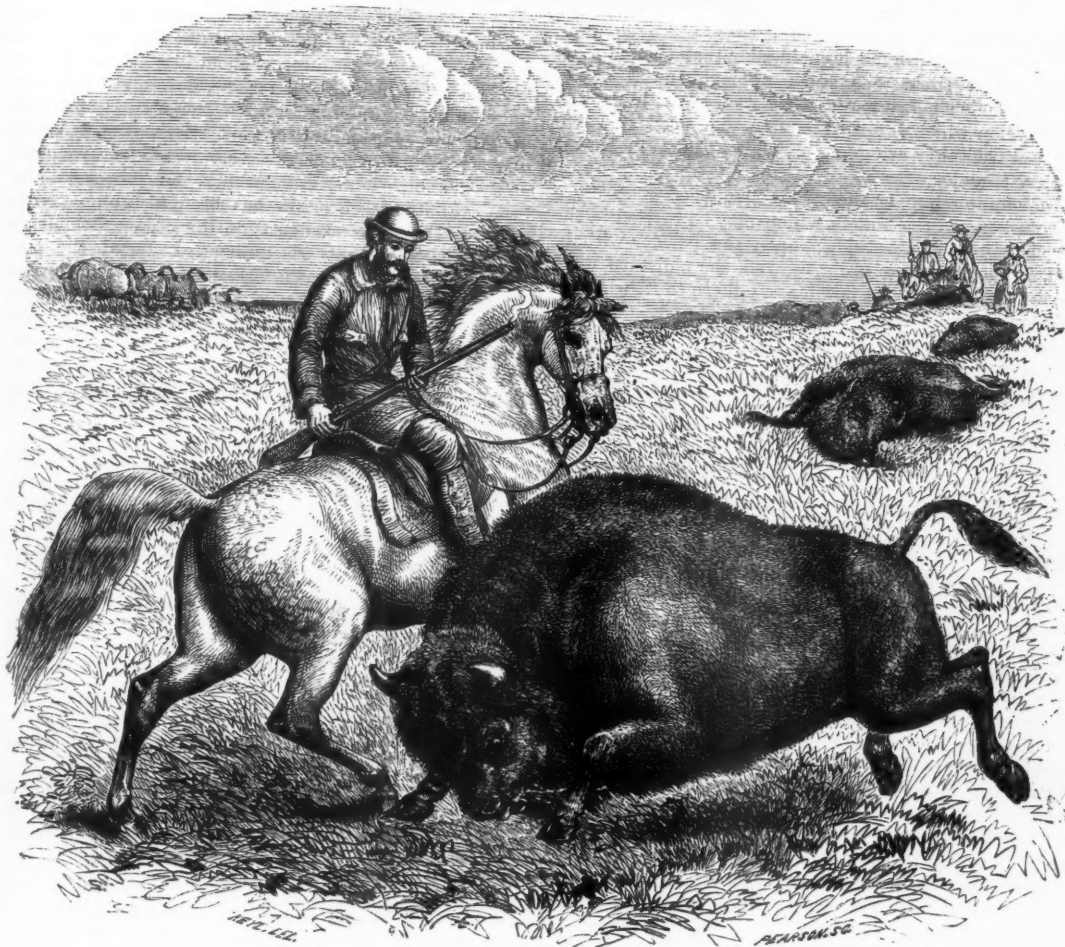


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE CHARGE.

MY FIRST BUFFALO HUNT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN TEXAS."

WHOEVER would now hunt the bison, or buffalo, as he is always named upon the plains, must seek him far west of the Mississippi. Formerly, the buffalo is said to have wandered over nearly all North America, though it is probable that the Atlantic States were too heavily timbered to be a favourite range with these prairie-loving animals. During the short northern summer they have occasionally been seen as far north as the Great Slave Lake; but as soon as the first chill of the terrible northern

winter approaches they take the hint, and migrate for more genial latitudes, sometimes going as far south as Cohahuila; but their favourite winter range has always been the ever-sunny prairies of North-western Texas.

Before the introduction of the horse, the Indians were obliged to stalk the buffalo, and shoot it with their arrows, or else "stampede" the herd, and drive it over the bluff bank of some precipice, where they tumbled down pell-mell to the bottom of the cañon, when the red men came up, and, vulture-like, gorged themselves upon the flesh as long as it remained good. Since the introduction of the horse, however, the prairie tribes are all

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

mounted, and the "drive" has given place to the "run;" nor could a fairer field be found for this sport than are those seas of grass upon which the buffalo is found.

Sometimes the prairie-hunter finds himself upon a flat prairie, where he can command a view for ten or fifteen miles in any direction from the centre of the circle he occupies; at another time, when upon a "rolling" prairie, he cannot see farther than a mile or two, and it is necessary to spend some time upon it ere he can conceive its extent.

When first seen, the buffalo presents a very strange appearance, the smooth hind-quarters reminding you of the familiar farm-yard cattle, whilst the great shoulder-hump, the shaggy fore-quarters, and the savage beards and manes upon the bulls give them a ferocious as well as a comical look.

Their motions are not less singular than their appearance. With their tails stuck up right on end, and shaking their shaggy manes, they rush off with a roll in their gallop which is apt to deceive the spectator as to the real pace they are going at, whilst the earth shakes as they thunder over it.

In running buffalo the white man uses generally a smooth-bore, as the bullets, which may be carried in the mouth, can be dropped down upon the powder without its being necessary to use a ramrod, the moisture upon the bullet causing the powder to adhere to it, which is quite sufficient to hold the bullet in its place for the moment or two it is required, as during the run the gun is carried muzzle in air, and is only thrown down against the animal at the moment it is discharged. Of late years Colt's heavy six-shooters have been much used, as the cylinder, when emptied of its charges, can be instantly replaced by a loaded one.

Amongst the Indians the bow is almost universally used; for, although some possess fire-arms, they are not so expert in their use as they are with their ancient weapons. The Indian bow is a short weapon, rarely being more than thirty inches in length; so that they can readily use it on horseback. The bow is generally made of cedar or *bois d'arc*, and these are stiffened and strengthened by having sinews glued to the back the entire length; the strings are twisted sinews, generally deer's; and the arrows are as various as the owners, some being made of dogwood, others of cane, etc., whilst all are tipped with flint or iron. Thus armed, an Indian warrior will drive his arrow clean through the largest bison bull where a bullet from a rifle would have flattened ere it had gone half the distance.

The rifle, the deadly weapon of the backwoodsman when pursuing deer, bear, or turkeys in the woods, is comparatively worthless in a buffalo run: it consumes too much time in loading; the tightly-patched bullet requires too much force to send it home; and, during the time so occupied, the Indian would discharge half a dozen arrows, and a hunter armed with a Colt would fire as many shots. Unwieldy as the buffalo appears, he is, nevertheless, very quick in his motions, and very shy and wary: if he sees or scents a human being, he takes to sudden and rapid flight.

An Indian warrior and his steed, when stripped for a buffalo run, would form a subject for an artist. A single feather floats from the chivalrous scalp-lock, his quiver of arrows is slung across his back, and his powerful, elastic bow is in his hand; all else is naked to the waist-belt; below, his legs are incased in their fringed leggings, the fringes being the scalp-locks of his slain foes. His fiery wild horse, with gleaming eye peeping through a mane that hangs in heavy masses over his broad forehead and floats in long waves from ears to shoulder,

paws the ground impatiently, and he arches his neck as he scents the game he is about to pursue. Then let the warrior spring to the back of his steed and dash off—wild horse and wilder rider—and you see a representation of the living centaur, a mass of moving health and life that no painter could hope to transfer to his canvases.

Imagine, then, instead of one warrior, a hundred, all stripped ready for the run, all well mounted on their trained buffalo horses, all dashing in eager rivalry upon the brown masses of the buffalo, who, wild with terror at the yells of their pursuers, are flying over the prairie, whilst, with inflated nostrils, distended eyes, and swelling muscles, the tawny warriors thunder in the rear, each stride of their mustangs bringing them upon better terms with their victims, as each selects his game, and, placing his arrow on the string, bends the stout bow till its extremities almost meet. Then, loosing the arrow, he sends it through hide and muscle, flesh and fat, till the huge animal, stumbling on a few paces, curls up his tail in the air, and falling to his knees, dies. A long quavering shout tells of success, and the "brave" urges on his fleet little horse after another. If proper skill has been exhibited, each arrow has brought a huge carcass down, whilst some peculiarity in the make or staining of the shaft points out whose hand twanged the bow. After the run is over, the arrows are handed to their owners by the squaws, who follow to do the work of butchery; and, if more than one arrow has been used, or if any have been carried off by wounded animals, the unskilful hunter is taunted and laughed at by the squaws, and he is glad to hide himself until, upon some happier occasion, he shall have retrieved his character as a hunter.

The squaws, I have said, follow the hunters: theirs is the task to skin, to select the choice pieces for immediate consumption, and to dry and preserve that which is not at once devoured. At the feast which follows the savage gluts himself with the choicest parts of the game, and his time is spent in wasteful indulgence until all his provisions are expended, when the scene is repeated; for animal life is abundant on the prairies, and a brisk gallop supplies his necessities.

It was in Northern Texas, where the whole year round is one continued spring, so delightful is the climate, that I had my first run at buffalo. With our guide, an old frontiersman, we numbered six in our party, and we rode gaily forward over the prairie in search of our mighty game. We had not far to go, and had not left our camp where we had passed the night two miles behind us, when we discovered a herd of buffalo feeding in the distance.

The blood, which with anticipation had coursed quickly through our veins, now at the sight seemed to boil, and our first impulse was to charge headlong at the herd. Our guide, who had killed buffalo ever since he could recollect, prevented this folly by pointing out to us that to charge at the distance we were, and with the wind, would only blow our horses for nothing; and we soon felt the force of what he said. Circling round the herd, then, so as to avoid giving them our wind, we approached them on one side until we were about half a mile distant, when the word was given to charge, and off we went at the top speed of our horses, and we got within four hundred yards ere we were detected.

For one instant they seemed undecided as to our character; the next, after giving a loud snort, they dashed off at their best pace; and our horses, which were all old buffalo-runners if some of their riders were not, increased their speed, and seemed fully as anxious as

their masters to overhaul the flying game. With their absurd little tails, absurd when compared with the animal's size, cocked straight up in the air, and running close together, the buffalo held their course, whilst we, thundering after, endeavoured to single out a beast, range alongside, and then empty our gun into its side, behind or through the shoulder.

Repeated cracks of our fire-arms were heard in various directions, and, except in the line of our guide, who had brought down two animals, nothing was to be seen effected by our burning powder. Having got a bullet about half driven home, which at full gallop I was unable to force farther, whilst pulling up would only have thrown me out of the run altogether, I contented myself by watching the prowess of the guide, who at each discharge of his rifle sent down a buffalo in a cloud of dust upon the plain.

At last even he had had enough, and pulled up his now almost blown horse, when we did the same, and then I managed to finish loading my rifle. The guide gave a satisfied chuckle as he looked back at the dark masses which marked his line in the run, and which had so lately been full of life, and health, and power, whilst I felt very small at my want of success.

Gazing after the retreating herd, I noticed a large bull stop. It had either been wounded by my comrades, or perhaps I had given it the fatal ball. At any rate, I determined to give it the *coup de grace*, and, riding up, took a steady aim at the centre of its forehead. The ball flattened upon the matted mass of hair on the stout skull bone. Only a novice would have thus aimed at the head. In an instant the fierce beast was down upon me at full charge, and, had not my good little horse nimbly swerved aside, the rush would have cost us both dearly. Loading again, and taught by experience, I tried a more vulnerable part, and this time with success. Upon receiving this shot the bull fell heavily forward, a quiver or two shook the huge frame, then all was still, and the wild lord of the prairie was dead.

It was not a satisfactory hunt as far as I was individually concerned; but I took comfort from the thought that all things must have a beginning, even buffalo hunting.

I may add, for the sake of those readers who justly disapprove of the wanton destruction even of wild animals, that in my case the experience was not the pleasure of the mere sportsman, but it was part of the early training for the life of a professional hunter, which I followed for some years in Texas.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

THOUGH he has been so recently taken from us, I cannot resist the desire to leave a record of Lord Willoughby on the roll of the Men I have Known. A long intimacy with which he honoured me enabled me fully to appreciate his character, and impressed a deep feeling of admiration for its peculiar and general excellences. He realized my ideal of a British nobleman. But I am certain, in my own mind, that this high opinion is not of a nature to warp the truth, and lead me to a delineation more imaginative than just, and so to idly indulge in the strain of eulogy too often mis-spent on the dull cold ear of death. And my sincere conscientiousness in this respect will be confirmed by observing that I do not propose to set up, as it were, before the reader what the common language of the world calls a Great Man. Lord Willoughby, with all his endowments, too modestly retired from seeking

his just share of public distinctions. But, in the comparatively private station in which he lived, his charities and good deeds were unbounded; and when any of his beneficent or generous acts were discovered, he evaded recognition, and blushed to find them fame.

I looked upon, and shall ever esteem, the man as an invaluable model in his relations with his fellow-men; and hence my purpose is faithfully to present the example to view for grateful remembrance and imitation. If I am competent for my subject, it will prove how much true greatness may consist in true goodness.

Following my usual plan in these sketches, and avoiding any attempt at formal biography, I wish merely to present some prominent points of personal character; and these can often be best illustrated by simple anecdotes and brief recollections. But, in this case, it is only right to refer also to the lofty rank and the public eminence of Lord Willoughby as a peer of the realm, the representative of six centuries of illustrious ancestry, with, I believe, the blood of not less than six peerages mingling in his veins. Worthy of the highest descent, Lord Willoughby was endowed with clear perceptions and sound judgment. His spirit was lofty and his mind free. In political and private life he was the same. In the former his patriotism was liberal, and devoted to the honour of his country and the welfare of the people. In the latter his opinions were ruled by punctilious honour, and his benevolence extended to the farthest limit of judicious charity. These, in their most genial form, were ennobling attributes, and gave him great weight and influence in the sphere in which he was born to move.

Gathering their information chiefly from the newspaper reports of the speeches and actions of the busiest and most conspicuous of those who are engaged in political struggles, the public are little aware of the silent influence exercised by statesmen whose voices are rarely or never heard in the senate, nor their doings proclaimed through the press. I could mention names, unspoken of during the present time, which will be known to history as among the most potent movers in determining the policy and controlling the affairs of the empire. In this way the influence of men like Lord Willoughby far exceeds what might be supposed from the public mention of their names.

But, leaving the official points of character appropriately adorning one of the highest hereditary dignities of England, I proceed to my proposed endeavour to illustrate the amenities, the right feeling, and the sterling worth which are so admirable in all stations, though most conspicuous when they are added to wealth and rank. One of the distinguishing traits of the well-bred and naturally humane is the avoidance of aught that can offend the *amour propre*, or, in other words, give pain or mortification to others. It becomes so habitual that it seems innate. It is, in fact, only carrying into social life the beautiful maxim to do unto others as you would have them do unto you. It is often in mere thoughtlessness that this precious rule is so liable to be transgressed in ordinary life: its transgression is not a vice, but a defect evidencing that all with whom we associate are not gifted with or educated to, the manners of gentlemen. Lord Willoughby was a perfect type of the highest class.

A familiar anecdote—I might, but for its teaching, call it trifling—will elucidate my meaning. I arrived as a guest at Drummond Castle on the eve of one of the great Scottish cattle-shows; and, as I knew Lord Willoughby took an earnest share in all agricultural

improvements, I heartily wished he might take me along with him to the exhibition, more than thirty miles off. The day wore away, however; the reports of wonderful oxen and sheep were spoken of, but no invitation for the morning was offered to the poor disappointed visitor. At breakfast I learnt from Lady Willoughby that his lordship had posted away at six o'clock, and I expressed my chagrin that I had not gone with him. How vexatious it was to be told that his lordship had expressed similar regret, but, as he supposed I did not care for such animal congregations, had not made the proposal. I had, unfortunately, missed his letter to Edinburgh asking me to go with him, and my silence was taken for disinclination. But the more marked delicacy of the treatment followed. I happened to be the only guest at the time, and Lord Willoughby, instead of stopping to feast with the Duke of Richmond and the other eminent persons at the grand banquet, hastened home to fulfil the duties of hospitality at his own table with his imagined recalcitrant guest.

Nor let it be fancied that, though the incident seems trivial, the lesson is not important. The noteworthy point is that the same respect was paid to the humble individual as would have been to a prince. *Noblesse oblige* was shown to be the rule of courteous life. I am not one to undervalue the greater and homelier virtues that may shine under rougher manners, or to bow to condescensions from the higher to inferior classes as if sycophancy was the tribute due to them. With the Ayrshire poet, I would never forget that "a man's a man for a' that," and owes a certain value to his own manhood; but so long as there are great inequalities in the condition of mankind, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the educated and the ignorant, so long will there be sentiments engendered by the trying nature of their intercourse of incalculable service, if properly understood, for the comfort of society and the welfare of the community at large. The upper classes never can so essentially contribute to their own happiness and welfare as by living on the kindest terms with the working classes, who form the broad basis of the social pyramid; and the masses are never in so right a path as when cordially receiving and appreciating the genuine consideration of their wants and feelings by their more fortunate brethren. Alas! it is in human nature for disparity to be envious, ignorance jealous, and poverty sensitive; and the wise, humane, and righteous way to avert the evils likely to spring from this common condition of mankind is to treat envy generously, and jealousy candidly, and poverty tenderly; and then we might look more assuredly to the return of a "golden age," or, what would be still more blessed, if the highest motives operate, a Christian state of social life.

But, though I have given one illustration of character, not for its importance, but for the impression it made on my own mind, I may not lose sight of the extension of the feeling to matters of greater moment. I took an excursion to see Perth, so full of historical and legendary fame, in company with the then agent for the Drummond estates, and in the course of our conversations he mentioned to me the amount of rental, and how easy it would be, leaving still a most liberal margin for the tenantry, to raise it several thousands a year. Shortly after, taking a turn in the garden with Lord Willoughby, waiting for the dinner-bell, I mentioned the statement, and, idly enough, expressed my surprise at the circumstance. I cannot well forget the reproof I received, agreeable as was the tone in which it was administered. We were just going in, his lordship hoped, to a good

dinner, and he trusted that there was not much fault to be found with the other accommodations of the castle. Was there anything I might want for my comfort and enjoyment? No doubt I earnestly disclaimed the idea of my finding any fault with what I deemed (and all who ever knew it deemed) a paradise upon earth, and was brought to confess that I did not think the felicity of the situation could be increased by any addition to the rents. "Well," said my lord, "you seem much pleased with the appearance of the young married pair in the pew near us last Sunday; how well they were dressed, how well they looked, how happy they appeared to be, and how excellent a specimen (man and wife being one) they were of the fine Highland race. The bridegroom is the son of your friend Vespasian yonder,* and has just entered upon one of the nicest farms on the property: do you think it would be any gratification to Lady Willoughby or to me to put a few pounds towards rack upon his annual charge?" I could not imagine it probable!

But solicitude for the welfare of those within their sphere did not stop with special cases like this. I had the pleasure to assist his lordship in drawing up a graduated scheme, which he had devised for the benefit of all who were connected with, or dependent upon, the chief now at the head of their community. It was so regulated that, at stated periods, and according to a scale laid down and agreed upon, every individual on the estate, from the highest tenant to the lowest labourer, should set apart a portion of profits or wages, to form a common fund as a provision against future contingencies. It was a noble plan; and when the sum total (a very considerable one of many hundred pounds) was reckoned up, its generous promoters just doubled it. I need not describe what evils were prevented and what sufferings alleviated by means of this delightful savings bank, or mutual assurance fund. Cattle or sheep were lost on the farm, accidents happened to machinery, crops partially failed, sickness seized the labourer or casualty befell him, age and infirmity grew heavy on his family—in all the ills that flesh is heir to here was succour for the unfortunate and balm for the afflicted. Often have I pondered, were it possible to adopt such a system to our national condition (with the needful applications for migratory habits), how enormous would be the blessing, how few would seek the workhouse, how few beggars would exist, how the aged would be succoured, how the miserable would be comforted, how upright we should see the down-bent, stooping, worn-out labourer walk, how healthful many pale and decrepit mechanics, how crime would be diminished by the absence of prompting want, how self-respect would be cultivated, and the country never again be appalled by the horrifying stories of starving to death. Yet, *dream* as this be, I am sure that a great deal might be accomplished in this salutary direction, even if compulsory measures to realize it were resorted to. All the lessons of political economy, all the moral advising of prudence, and all the hallucinations of beatitude in equality are but vain imaginings to what is possible by any extent of practicable organization after the example of Drummond Castle.

I have so far exhibited individual and local effects of a very gratifying nature, emanating from the simple sources of cultivated manners, refined tastes, and gene-

* The clan Drummond are generally well-proportioned and athletic, and the females good-looking. My "friend Vespasian" was a principal tenant, to whom I had given the title from his remarkable resemblance to the marble bust of the Roman emperor among the twelve Caesar ornaments of the admirable garden at Drummond Castle.

rous dispositions. But Lord Willoughby was eminently practical, and aimed at general improvement as the result of his persevering experiments. He devoted much time to the useful reclamation of waste land, and the conversion of peat into consolidated fuel, more valuable for all purposes, and especially for the arts, manufactures, and industrial pursuits of the country. He was the leader in this line of economic experiment, which, though of small account to Englishmen, is of no little importance to Scotland, with its vast tracts of bog and moor. Year after year I witnessed the progress of the design—the trials of seasons, conditions, newly-invented machines, methods of compression, etc.—till all difficulties were overcome, and the peat-fuel was employed in steam navigation. I possessed a razor, made by Savigny, the celebrated cutler, which proved that, being without sulphur, this substance far surpassed coal in the manufacture of steel. Lord Willoughby finished his laborious and costly task, and, like the noble man he was, he threw it openly to the public; and all the advantages at present reaped from his services are hardly traced or acknowledged to have sprung from their unostentatious and disinterested author.

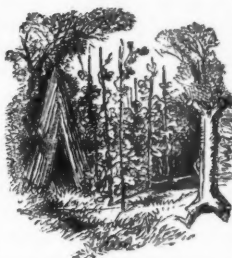
The same story may be told of his experiments with the steam-plough, which he brought into perfect operation, and other agricultural improvements for which we owe him a debt of deep and lasting gratitude. He took the warmest interest in the prosperity of agriculture and the welfare of its labouring ranks, and, independently of his worth in other respects, might have deserved the answer paid by the Delphic oracle to Myson, when Anacharsis inquired who was the wisest man in Greece, "He who is now ploughing his fields!"

My readers, I have essayed, by a few light traits, to afford some idea of a truly good as well as great man—good in all the relations of life, fully sensible of the responsibilities of his social station, and urged far beyond the mere fulfilment of implied duties by a noble spirit of independent patriotism, and a firm religious sense of the claim of charity upon his fortune, and of Christianity upon himself. I may seem to be guilty of egotism from the manner in which I have spoken of association with several of the actions of one I have so highly eulogized; but at any rate I will make bold to say that, if I have exalted myself a little, I may plead as an excuse the fact of being honoured, through many years, with the intimate and confidential friendship of such persons as Lord and Lady Willoughby.

I have only to add that, in body as in mind, Lord Willoughby stood eminent among his fellows. His frame was manly, and he was distinguished in manly sports and pursuits. His presence was lofty and commanding, as may be seen in all the paintings and engravings of the grand national ceremonies of the last half-century. In the coronations, courts, royal marriages, and other magnificent assemblages, his high office of joint hereditary Great Chamberlain gave him a conspicuous place, and a glance at any of these splendid pictures will show that it could not have been occupied by one more to the manner born and dignified. Take him for all in all, he was as perfect an example as could be found of the noblest qualities which in our times have graced an English baron* and Scottish chief.

* Willoughby de Eresby is one of the very ancient baronies created by writ of summons, which pass, being heritable, by heirs male or female, at different periods into different families, and sometimes remain for centuries dormant; for, in the instance of there being no male heir, but several female, the barony does not devolve upon the eldest daughter, but upon all conjointly, and cannot, consequently, be inherited until there be a single heir to the whole without the especial interference of the Crown.

HOPS AND HOP-PICKERS.*



It is but a few years since crowded meetings were held in the hop-growing districts of England on the subject of proposed legislative interference. The growers who, time out of mind, annually beset the Chancellor of the Exchequer with what they considered a substantial grievance were roused into unusual excitement. It had been determined to abolish the heavy and obnoxious duty on home-grown hops, a pound for every hundredweight at that time. Such an alteration was a just but tardy concession, as all were agreed; but an unpalatable condition was threatened at the same time. The repeal of the import duty on foreign hops was proposed, and the project called forth strong opposition. Such an application of the principles of free trade roused all parties; and none denounced it more energetically than some of those who, in by-gone days, were the most clamorous for repeal of the corn duty. Vigorous and united action was therefore determined upon, and was taken accordingly. There was the inevitable deputation, which went up in due course, and said its say, and then withdrew, after the manner of deputations, and was seen no more.

Contrary, however, to the vaticinations of the learned in hops, the cultivation of the plant under the new régime is still maintained in this country, and there is reason to believe that it is on the increase. Thus far, at all events, the English grower is able to compete, with fair success, with all the world. John Bull has tried the cheap wines of France, and likes good beer much better; and there is, we are told, some prospect of our neighbours on the other side of the Channel liking it as well; and, taking all the circumstances of the present position of the hop trade into consideration, there is not, we think, any greater discouragement before the hop-grower than he has always had to contend with.

The crop is eminently of a waging character. So delicate is the plant, and capricious our climate, and such is the fickle nature of the market, that the growers are kept as much on the edge of expectation during the greater part of the year as if, in the language of an authority, they were gambling with their year's income at stake.

The districts in which hops are principally grown are (following the division adopted for excise purposes, now no longer required)—Kent, comprising the subdivisions of Rochester and Canterbury, and, at the time of the last return, growing upwards of 27,000 acres; Sussex, with nearly 9000; Worcester, comprising Hereford, Stourbridge, Wales, and Worcester, nearly 6000, of which the principality contributes little more than twenty; Farnham, comprising Hampshire, Isle of Wight, and Surrey altogether, 3400 acres. Other districts scarcely claim mention, there being in the three remaining ones, Essex, North Clays, and "Kingdom," barely 500 acres. The total number of acres under cultivation at the time of the return dated 1861 was upwards of 46,000. Although the Isle of Wight figures in the return as a hop-growing district, none, we believe, are grown there, the 1300 acres which paid duty being all situate in the north-east of Hampshire.

* We are indebted for this paper of suggestions to the Rev. J. Y. Stratton, of Maidstone.

Hops are said to have been introduced into this country from Flanders in the time of Henry VIII. They flourish in clays, in strong, deep loams, with dry subsoil. In the neighbourhood of Maidstone, however, they succeed well on stony ground. The varieties principally grown in this country are the Colegates, Jones, Grapes, and Goldings.

The cultivation of the hop is expensive, the plant requiring constant supervision in all its stages of growth. It is propagated by cuttings taken early in the year and planted in a small plot of ground. The young plants remain in the bed one and sometimes two years. When wanted for planting out in the garden, they are dug up and tied together in bundles, and are worth about thirty shillings* per thousand.

The process of planting a hop-garden is interesting. The ground is divided by measurement into parts or rows, six feet, seven feet, or eight feet wide, according to the number of "hills" per acre which are placed in the rows. There are two, three, or more plants to a hill. The space between the rows is called the alley (passage or aisle). A "six-foot plant" has each hill six feet apart, and its alleys are six feet wide; three poles are generally required for each hill, and there are 1210 hills in an acre. The "seven-foot plant" has its alleys seven feet wide, and each hill seven feet apart; four poles are used at each hill, and the number of hills to the acre is 889. The "eight-foot plant" has a width of alley eight feet, and the hills are four feet apart; two poles are commonly required for each hill, and the number of hills per acre is 1361.

In speaking of the size of a garden, and in payment for work, the computation is made by the number of hills and the plant. For instance, a garden of three acres two roods and twenty perches is described to be three acres and a half and 151 hills six-foot plant.

In the first year the young hops are trained up sticks a few feet in height; and it is usual to grow an intermediate crop between the hills of turnips, potatoes, or wurzel. The second year sees them trained up longer poles. The poles are of different lengths, according to the strength of the plant and the soil, and full-length poles are not used before the third year. The best poles are oak, chestnut, and larch; inferior poles are ash, beech, and hazel. It is customary in Kent to cut the larch before the sap rises, and thus the valuable bark of this tree is wasted. The reason assigned is that the greater durability of the pole is thus secured, but there is ground for doubting the statement. Even if true, the value of the bark for tan-pit purposes would more than replace the depreciation in the wood. It is becoming customary also to dip the lower part of the poles in creosote, by which a great saving is effected in the wear and tear. For this purpose tanks with furnace are used. On large estates they are fixtures; but they are also made on wheels, and may be hired where preferable. When the foot of the pole is thoroughly saturated, it becomes hard, heavy, and durable, so that it resembles iron.

If the plant is trained up a pole of too great length, the vigour which ought to be held in reserve for the fruit is expended on the growth of "bine," its leader and laterals, and the crop is small. The Colegate hop requires a pole sixteen, eighteen, and, on strong soil, twenty feet in length. The Goldings, a beautiful and delicate variety, are easily overtrained if fourteen feet be exceeded. The Grapes have twelve-foot poles, and the Jones ten or eleven. It is usual for the grower to

have hops of a greater and less height, with a view to economy in poles.

In open weather in winter the ground is dug over and manured. The Kentish labourers dig with a spud or fork with three blade-like prongs. Excellent workmen they are at the use of this implement. As the spring advances all unnecessary shoots are cut away: the strength of the plant is thus concentrated on the leader. Women are employed in "hop-tying;" and as the leader climbs the pole the operation of tying is repeated. Meanwhile the garden is kept clear of weeds by means of a horse-hoe or nidget.

Notwithstanding the utmost care and skill, a few chilly nights in summer, a few days' ungenial weather, may ruin all chances of a crop. Nothing known and in use can do more than retard the process of destruction. Sulphur is frequently used in early stages of the growth; occasionally it has been known to be used in later (though not with the consent and approval of the merchant), to destroy insects injurious to the hop. It is debated whether the remedy does not kill both friend and foe, destroying both "the vermin" and the flies which live on "the vermin." The negur (a corruption of negro) is a black insect which classes among the friends of the hop; so also is the lady-bird. Among the foes to this ingredient of good beer may be reckoned the red spider, the flea, the fly, lice, the otter-moth, the green-fly, mould, mildew, honeydew, blight, and fire-blast.

Till towards the close of July safe auguries of a crop are impossible.

"Till James's day* be past and gone,
There may be hops, or there may be none."

When favoured by genial weather, the plant rapidly becomes exceedingly beautiful. It throws abroad luxuriant branches, ranging from hill to hill, and interlacing in graceful festoons across the alleys, in some places high overhead, at others curving low almost to the ground. At length the blossom appears. The female blossom becomes the fruit, which hangs in thick clusters of a pale green colour, in shape somewhat resembling bunches of grapes. Unceasing care is still necessary, and more frequently than not, we fear, the crop after all deceives the expectations formed of it. A scanty and poor picking in wet and cold weather is the return for the outlay and skill of the grower.

By increasing the accommodation for drying and storing the hops, and obtaining a larger supply of labourers, the hop-picking season has of late years been shortened nearly one-half. It rarely exceeds three weeks, and is usually a less term, commencing about the close of the first week in September.

To pick fifty acres of hops there are upwards of two hundred people, who are divided into parties or "companies" of eight or ten adults, besides children.† The chief man of the company is the "binman," whose duty it is to keep the bins supplied. Each picker has a bin or half a bin, into which the hops fall as fast as they are picked off the bine. The bine is cut near the root, the pole pulled up and laid conveniently for the picker. In some districts baskets are used instead of bins. The workpeople are paid by the bushel, the agreement being to pick a certain number of bushels for a shilling. This is called "tallying," from the ancient and still customary use of the tally. Its recommendation is that it furnishes a simple method of keeping accounts correctly among people who can neither read nor write; but it is giving way before the educated system of booking

* A particular kind is stated in the papers to be sold at eighteen shillings per hundred.

* 25th July.

† Mid-Kent custom is here described.

the work, for which purpose the services of a clerk are required on the ground. The measurer, or tallyman, is the person whose duty it is to measure each picker's work, and thus regulate the pay. By this means also the quantity of hops is known before removal from the ground; and a check is thus provided, securing in some degree the property when taken to the kiln.

The different bins' companies take up their ground in a line at first concealed by the hops, and from two to three hundred yards in length. As the poles "come down" the bins are moved from time to time, so that the people keep close to their work. Under favourable circumstances three to four acres a day will be cleared of all trace of vegetation as effectually as if swarms of locusts had been busy there. The contrast between the luxuriant growth in front of the workpeople and the devastation they leave behind them is striking. The work is usually carried on cheerfully, if not quietly; but there are frequent exceptions. The motley crowd of London Irish and towns' poor, clad in tattered habiliments, will unite and force the home pickers (usually nothing loath, excepting to save appearances) to strike for an increase of pay. The tally has been fixed at seven, and the cry is for six: in plain language, they demand twopence a bushel instead of picking seven for one shilling. If agreement on the ground is not possible, they will rush *en masse* to the house of the hop-grower, and demand justice with loud cries and violent gesticulations. At such moments there is not, perhaps, the greatest possible security for person or property, and cases have occurred where the assistance of the military has been required. Generally the dispute is terminated by paying off and discharging the most turbulent and making a partial concession. In the history and practice of strikes a mob of hop-pickers furnishes singular and curious examples.

Women are excellent pickers, many of them earning from two to three shillings a day. During the last season in some cases more than the latter amount was made. Children are often useful pickers, doing better than men who are not accustomed to the work. The latter had better remain at home, as they can with difficulty make a living. The occupation in fine weather is pleasant, and, notwithstanding the serious defects which are still permitted in the matter of food and lodging, it is so conducive to health as to counterbalance many of the discomforts which immigrant hop-pickers are obliged to submit to.

From the bin the hops are carried in bags to the "oast-house." This building consists of spacious floors for drying, packing, and storing the hops. It contains five or six kilns, usually circular, as shown in the sketch. The cost of such a one is from £900 to £1000. The drying-floors are covered with horsehair, on which the hops are placed, to the depth, in the early part of the picking, of nine or ten inches, but, as the season advances, and the crop is brought home perfectly ripe, a larger quantity is dried at once. Here they remain ten or twelve hours, during which time the kilns are said to be loaded. Large coke and coal furnaces are kept burning night and day. Sulphur is thrown into the furnace in large quantities at certain times, for no other reason than to give the hops a bright colour. The kilns have high conical-shaped roofs, each surmounted by a cowl and a vane, which adjusts itself to the wind and thus helps to secure a free draught.

When the hops are dried "to a turn"—and much skill is necessary to adjust the point—they are carefully removed to the clean and nicely-kept upper floor of the oast-house. A circular hole in the floor admits the

"pocket," which is fastened securely by means of hooks. Into this the hops are shovelled. A young and active man, one of the driers, clad in old coat, trousers, and shoes, but with no inner raiment, jumps into the pocket, and, by treading, packs the hops equally and tightly as they are thrown in. He dances away till the pocket is filled as tight as a drum. The sight is laughable enough, but the labour is severe.

A machine has been introduced within the last few years which saves the labour of packing the hops by treading them. It is capable of some improvement, but appears to answer pretty well.

The pockets will be found to be of nearly uniform weight, and are stored together till the samples are drawn, after which they are soon on their way to the hop-factor. The mode of making the pockets has no difficulty, and the driers generally make them. A piece of "hop-pocketing" is doubled, a handful of hops secured in each corner for handles, the sides are sewn together, and the sack is made. When filled, two more handles are similarly contrived and the mouth sewn together. The weight in West Kent is a few pounds more than a hundredweight and a half.

"Drawing the samples" is the work of a skilled hand. An instrument called a clinch is thrust into the side of the pocket, and a small square parcel of hops is extracted. The cavity thus made is filled up by hops kept for the purpose, and a patch sewn over the spot makes all secure. The sample is neatly tied up in paper, and numbered to correspond with the pocket. By its means the factor effects a sale with the hop-merchant, who in turn supplies the brewer. The grower's prices vary so largely that quotation is almost useless. The local papers, however, contain weekly reports, not only of the state of trade, but of the condition of the hops during their growth and the picking. On reference to the "South-eastern Gazette" of September 13th last year, we find the selling-price per hundredweight as follows:—

East Kents	140s.	160s.	180s.
Mid	120s.	140s.	160s.
Wealders	90s.	110s.	140s.
Sussex	100s.	115s.	126s.
Worcesters	120s.	130s.	140s.
Farnhams	130s.	147s.	168s.

We now come to the cost of the hop-garden, the particulars of which are of two kinds—the fixed, and the variable cost. The former comprises the rent, wear and tear, manure, and other fixed annual items; the latter depends on the crop, and is extremely variable, and includes picking, drying, and sale expenses.

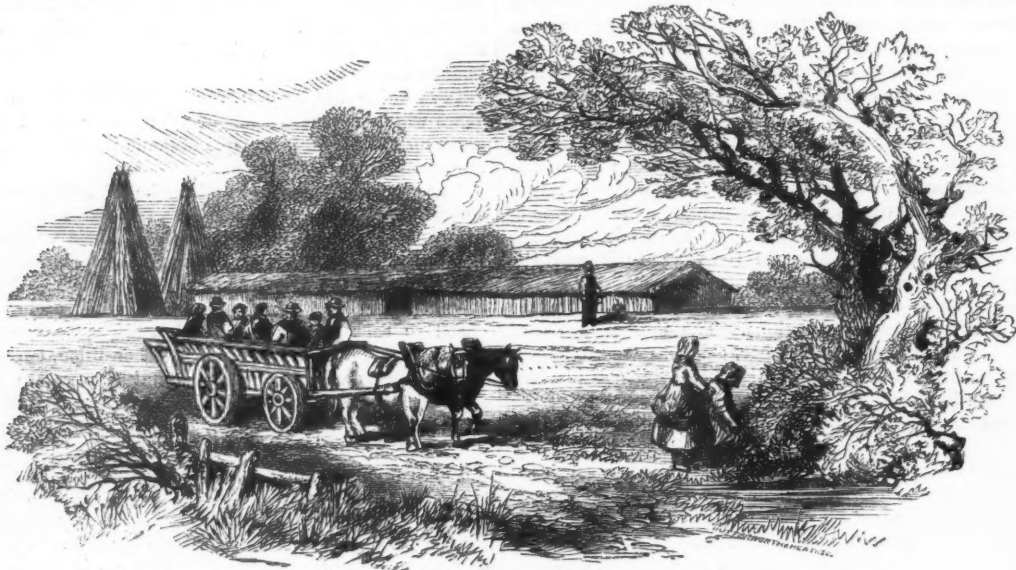
The following is an account of an estate growing nearly 48 acres of hops, all fixed charges being kept separate from the variable:—

Expenses.	£	s.	d.
(1) Taxes, insurance, tithe rent-charge, poles, horse-labour, manure, and labour	23	0	0
Rent, including oast-house	5	0	0
Fixed cost per acre	28	0	0
£	s.	d.	
(2) Picking and drying	263	7	0
Coals, coke, and brimstone	35	0	0
Hop-pockets	36	4	0
Carriage of hops and commission on sale	72	9	0
407 0 0 Per acre, variable cost	8	11	4
Total cost per acre	36	11	4

The average crop for seven years last grown on this estate is ten hundredweight per acre. In one year twenty hundredweight was the crop. Last year seven hundredweight per acre was the return to the grower. There is no complication to be unravelled

in the receipts if we take the selling-price of the hops to be £7 per hundredweight. The grower would, in this case, realize a handsome profit; receiving £49 for every acre which cost him under £37.

The selling-price may be such as to cause a loss; and to keep them on hand is not frequently found to mend matters much. One incubus the grower has certainly got rid of—the hop duty. When this estate, for instance,



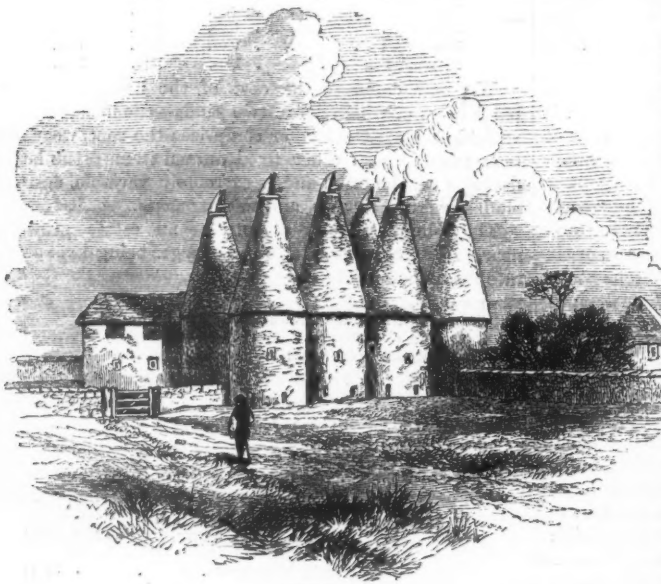
SHEEP-HURDLE GATE-HOUSE.

The fixed items have been stated in a lump sum, but care has been taken to ensure accuracy in the amount. The three driers received each £7 7s. for their work, which lasted exactly fifteen days. They are paid alike, although one is considered the head man. They are farm-labourers, working at ordinary wages during the remainder of the year.

One source of anxiety to the grower is that nothing

grew twenty hundredweight per acre, the duty exacted was £20 per acre, and that at a time when the market was overstocked and prices much depressed. Such was the strange anomaly which legislation on this branch of agriculture created to the injury of the cultivation, and the substantial grievance which is now happily a thing of the past.

In the early part of the month of September numbers of the poorest inhabitants of London, the Borough, and great towns, principally situate on the Medway and Thames, leave their homes for the purpose of obtaining employment in the hop-gardens of West Kent. Railway facilities are provided for them at reduced fares by the South-eastern Company; and we are indebted to the courtesy of the general manager, Mr. Eborall, for information about those who travel by rail. From London the total number this year conveyed by the company in special hop-pickers' trains was upwards of nine thousand, and by the same company from Gravesend two thousand and ninety joined the trains. They are brought to Maidstone and stations between that town and Tunbridge. In addition to those who come by rail are numbers who arrive on foot; but of these no accurate estimate can be offered, though we shall be probably within the mark if the total estimate of immigrant hop-pickers is placed at twenty thousand. It is also customary to send, to certain convenient places of meeting, waggons, which convey many to their respective lodgings or "hopper-houses."



HOPPER-HOUSE.

can be predicted with certainty of the selling-price till the quantity likely to arrive at the market is known.

The hopper-house is generally a long, low-pitched building, divided internally into ten or a dozen compartments, each with entrance from outside. The

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HOT-PICKING.



size of the compartments—we cannot employ the term apartments—is ten, twelve, or fourteen feet square. They are open to the roof, nine feet high, side-walls about six. Internal division is brick, with strong lattice-work above. The building is brick, and slated or tiled. Older buildings for this purpose are often formed of shingle, or wattle and plaster, with thatched or boarded roofs. As the tenements are required principally for sleeping in, no window is needed, and fireplaces are built apart for cooking purposes.

Each compartment is allotted to a bin's company, leaving the arrangements to be settled by the party. Where there is a family, one place is sometimes assigned to them, and care is in some cases taken to have a separate lodging for young unmarried men. The bedding is straw, with which the floor is thickly littered, and upon this are laid such articles for comfort as the immigrants bring with them; blankets, or counterpanes, or rugs of some kind. Sheets are a luxury rarely, if ever, seen. A screen made of straw twisted in a sheep-hurdle, or a similar contrivance, may be seen in some of the houses; but there is little attempt to secure privacy, and, indeed, little use in attempting it. But the occupants do not generally trouble themselves on the subject. The use of tables and chairs is wholly foregone during their sojourn in the country. Lanterns are provided by some hop-growers; but it is customary to extemporize a candlestick, and fix it on the wall, or hang it from the roof, or set it on the straw. A few pegs driven into the wall, and a stick or two fixed cornerwise at the eaves, to hang clothes on at night, complete the furniture of the hopper-house; while a tin pan or two for cooking, and a bowl or two and tub for washing clothes, are joint property of the occupants. The latter must be placed on the ground; so that to wash one's face requires the performer to kneel.

Of late years tents have been extensively used, and, if a trench is dug outside, and care be taken against overcrowding, and to secure a free draught through them in the daytime, they supply excellent accommodation. The want of security is the only objection against them which we have heard alleged; and, although one may smile at the notion of lock and key for those

"Quorum copinus fœnumquo
Omne supellex."

the loss of their furniture would be a disaster to these poor people. It is customary to provide padlocks for the hopper-houses, which are secured during the time the people are at work.

The accommodation of the hopper-house is about the same in point of comfort as that provided for vagrants in the stable of a union workhouse. But it frequently happens that they are overcrowded; ten or twelve men, women, and children sleeping together in one place, so close that there is barely room to step between them. In such cases the heat is most offensive, and the atmosphere dangerous to health. Cleanliness, like some other virtues among the wandering poor, is but little cultivated, though one may see them washing their faces on a Sunday morning. But, where boys and girls grow up without shoes and stockings, cleanliness comes to be generally ignored. It would be a work of the most useful kind, tending directly to improve these classes in habits essential to health, if means were taken to bring them to wear some protection against the dirt of the streets, which becomes ingrained into them, and which, from habit, they regard with indifference.

It is customary to supply fuel to each bin's company. A couple of fagots a week suffice. In addition to the

cook-house, fires are built on the green; around which the people sit, if the evening is fine, and sing their songs and crack their jokes, after which they turn in for the night and settle down to sleep. Any one passing near the spot an hour later would not suppose that, in the long and low-roofed tenement hard by, more than a hundred souls were gathered together; but such is a fair specimen of the accommodation. Except as regards overcrowding, we express the belief, founded on all the circumstances of the case, that little more can be done; though a few suggestions will be offered in their place of a practical kind for certain improvements.

One or two instances will, however, first be given of other tenements which the exigency of the service creates.

Sheep-hurdles are first fixed into the ground and fastened together. Others are placed on the top of them slantwise. Opposite to them is a similar construction. By fastening the hurdles which meet at the roof angle we have the skeleton of sides and roof. This is thatched with wheat-straw, secured by hazel sticks. Such a building may be made of any length, and is readily put up by the farm-labourer and the stack-thatcher. The divisions are made in the same manner. A hurdle stuffed with straw answers the purposes of a door. The building is an ingenious makeshift, much better than it looks; for the ventilation is secured through the thatch, both roof and sides, while all is weather-tight and snug. But the objectionable form of it is that shown in the sketch, which has but one door, the den being about thirty feet long, and made to accommodate (?) a large party of men, women, and children. The width is six feet, and the height that of the sheep-hurdle at the sides, and in the middle barely high enough for a man to stand upright. Where the divisions are properly made, and care is taken not to overcrowd, the sheep-gate hopper-houses are by no means the worst.

Another exceptional case, and a bad one, is the shed, thatched in a similar manner to the former. The arrangements made by a party of twenty-eight, who occupied one of these places, were described to be as follows:—There was no internal division of any kind. In one corner four young men slept; then came the children, next the married people, and in the opposite corner were the girls. The shed was not crowded, and its occupants were tolerably well conducted; keeping good order till towards the close of the hop-picking, when some of them took to drinking, and disturbances arose. We forbear commentary on the effects, in a moral and social point of view, on the people who found a lodging of this kind for more than a fortnight.

There are also instances in which sheds constructed for cattle are appropriated to the hop-pickers. At the best such an arrangement is to be deprecated; and, generally, the buildings are of use for storage purposes. If, however, great care is taken to have them thoroughly well cleaned before the people come, objection is lessened. Where that care is wanting, and the immigrants turned into them "as if," such was the exclamation of one of them, "we were so many cattle," is it strange that their conduct is little better?

Notwithstanding all discomforts, so invigorating is the occupation of hop-picking, so healthy the change from town to country, that illnesses are rare. But still there is the risk; and, although every precaution is taken, as soon as a case is known, to remove the sufferer to the nearest union, it is not among the least blessings attendant on the close of the hop-picking to count freedom from infectious illness as one. In 1849 the

fearful scourge of cholera broke out among the immigrants at East Farleigh. Forty deaths occurred, and, but for the unwearied exertions of the vicar* and his family, a much larger number must have died. Those exertions will long be remembered, and no account of the efforts made on behalf of these poor people should omit mention of them.

Our observations on the supply of food will be necessarily brief. With the notion of buying at a bargain possessed by so many of the town poor, when they come into the country, it would be matter of surprise if imposition in the sale of meat, and adulteration in other articles of food, were not practised. Where the water-supply is not pure and good an undoubted and grave abuse is suffered to exist.

It is only justice to the hop-growers to state that they are not generally insensible to the necessity of securing, so far as they can, the proper accommodation and food of their workpeople. Many efforts have been made with this object in view, and in some cases with good results. But, from the vagrant character of the uncleanly and ill-fed classes, the difficulty is great. It is increased by the utter disregard for their good shown by the objects on whom improvement is attempted. A worthy land-owner, who resided occasionally in the county of Kent, shocked at the immorality permitted by the arrangements, provided and numbered separate apartments for married and unmarried people; but, on visiting his hopper-houses one Sunday afternoon, he found them living, as they described it, all higgledy-piggledy. His remonstrances were derided, and nothing could be done.

Nevertheless some steps may and should, we think, be taken; and, from knowledge of the hop-growers, we state with confidence that, if a practical remedy could be devised for some evils pointed out in these pages, it would be adopted. Inquiry into the state of the accommodation proves that it is better now than in former times. When bands of Irish labourers roamed the country in quest of work, the double harvest of corn and hops in Kent was a profitable adventure to them. They slept anywhere—in barns, outhouses, and waggon-sheds, and sometimes under the hedgerow. But, as competition forced the growers to better themselves and adopt the best means of securing the crop, the reduction of time became an object of importance in hop-picking. More labourers were wanted, while the Irish supply fell short, and at length ceased altogether. Accommodation was at first and excusably inadequate; but, now that the numbers annually required are ascertained, insufficient provision on all points is not easily justifiable.

Much of the evil arising from overcrowding and from faulty structures would be checked if an inspector of these tenements was appointed who would certify their fitness and the number each should contain. The refusal of a certificate in cases such as have been described in this article, with the power to inflict a fine of small amount, would protect the immigrants from the evils to which they are exposed, and the hop-grower, on the other hand, would find his account in a less defiant and abandoned class of labourers. The same regulations should be applied to tents, respecting the number of inmates, and security against wind and wet above and below, and to any tenements, whether waggon-shed, barn, or sheep-gate house. Proper conveniences should also be provided, and gross, but at present unavoidable, indecencies be no longer permitted. The experience of such an agent would be most useful in suggesting other alterations. His attention would be directed also to

the meat and other articles of food exposed for sale or sold to the hop-pickers, so that punishment might be fairly anticipated in cases of fraud. We have known diseased beef sold at twopence a pound to the occupants of a hopper-house numbering upwards of eighty persons, many of whom were ill, in consequence, as they stated, of their bargain in beef.

The appointment and control of such an officer might be in the hands of the boards of guardians in the unions of the district. They are the protectors of the poor recognised by law, and, by means of their relieving officers—a very different class of men, be it remembered, to the Bumble of other days—would efficiently secure the proper administration of such duties. Regulations of such a kind as these would not be found to be of an inquisitorial character, neither would there be difficulty if they received the support and sanction of the Poor-law Board. The expense would be but trifling, and be more than compensated, independently of stronger reasons, by an improved state of accommodation and an attention to the requirements of the workpeople, which would on their part exercise its natural influence for good. We would not interfere with their sleeping arrangements; such interference, however well meant, does more harm than good; but, with the knowledge that, even in the classes lowest in the social scale, there is a leaning to and a disposition to do what is right, we ask that every encouragement may be given to strengthen that disposition, and that nothing preventable by common and ordinary Christian care may be suffered to paralyse and weaken it.

As a further means of improvement, a middle-man or agent of a better class than those at present in the field is much wanted to supply the hop-pickers required. At present this is done by "binmen," who get their friends together and make a party which constitutes the company. The binman knows that the worse the hands are, the longer the picking will last; and here is certainly some inducement against the selection of good ones. Still we doubt not that efficient agents would be found among the binmen and persons living among these classes. They would obtain lists of names of the hop-pickers, striking off such lists, so far as possible, all persons of disorderly and turbulent character. Such a step would encourage many more poor, but respectable persons to come than do now, and a great improvement might be perceptible in two or three years. That the classes from which the selection is made are among the poorest is quite evident; for persons who have a settled trade or occupation cannot, as a general rule, afford to leave it for the season. There is not much force, we think, in the objection that such agents would get the poor into their own hands: competition would check such an evil; at least, as much as it does at present among the binmen.

A bench and a table and lantern might, we hope, be assigned to each compartment by the owner, without the danger of their being purposely broken. Much inconvenience is felt for want of articles of this kind, and a small payment exacted from the binman would cover any wanton damage they sustained.

Under these conditions a fortnight or three weeks' sojourn in a "hopper-house," though none of the most desirable, would be deprived of much of an objectionable character.

We shall close our remarks on the subject with some reference to the present moral state of the immigrant hop-pickers, and of efforts made for their good. The clergy and others view with dismay the annual inroad into their localities of the lowest and most degraded

* Rev. W. H. Willerford.

improvements, I heartily wished he might take me along with him to the exhibition, more than thirty miles off. The day wore away, however; the reports of wonderful oxen and sheep were spoken of, but no invitation for the morning was offered to the poor disappointed visitor. At breakfast I learnt from Lady Willoughby that his lordship had posted away at six o'clock, and I expressed my chagrin that I had not gone with him. How vexatious it was to be told that his lordship had expressed similar regret, but, as he supposed I did not care for such animal congregations, had not made the proposal. I had, unfortunately, missed his letter to Edinburgh asking me to go with him, and my silence was taken for disinclination. But the more marked delicacy of the treatment followed. I happened to be the only guest at the time, and Lord Willoughby, instead of stopping to feast with the Duke of Richmond and the other eminent persons at the grand banquet, hastened home to fulfil the duties of hospitality at his own table with his imagined recalcitrant guest.

Nor let it be fancied that, though the incident seems trivial, the lesson is not important. The noteworthy point is that the same respect was paid to the humble individual as would have been to a prince. *Noblesse oblige* was shown to be the rule of courteous life. I am not one to undervalue the greater and homelier virtues that may shine under rougher manners, or to bow to condescensions from the higher to inferior classes as if sycophancy was the tribute due to them. With the Ayrshire poet, I would never forget that "a man's a man for a' that," and owes a certain value to his own manhood; but so long as there are great inequalities in the condition of mankind, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the educated and the ignorant, so long will there be sentiments engendered by the trying nature of their intercourse of incalculable service, if properly understood, for the comfort of society and the welfare of the community at large. The upper classes never can so essentially contribute to their own happiness and welfare as by living on the kindest terms with the working classes, who form the broad basis of the social pyramid; and the masses are never in so right a path as when cordially receiving and appreciating the genuine consideration of their wants and feelings by their more fortunate brethren. Alas! it is in human nature for disparity to be envious, ignorance jealous, and poverty sensitive; and the wise, humane, and righteous way to avert the evils likely to spring from this common condition of mankind is to treat envy generously, and jealousy candidly, and poverty tenderly; and then we might look more assuredly to the return of a "golden age," or, what would be still more blessed, if the highest motives operate, a Christian state of social life.

But, though I have given one illustration of character, not for its importance, but for the impression it made on my own mind, I may not lose sight of the extension of the feeling to matters of greater moment. I took an excursion to see Perth, so full of historical and legendary fame, in company with the then agent for the Drummond estates, and in the course of our conversations he mentioned to me the amount of rental, and how easy it would be, leaving still a most liberal margin for the tenantry, to raise it several thousands a year. Shortly after, taking a turn in the garden with Lord Willoughby, waiting for the dinner-bell, I mentioned the statement, and, idly enough, expressed my surprise at the circumstance. I cannot well forget the reproof I received, agreeable as was the tone in which it was administered. We were just going in, his lordship hoped, to a good

dinner, and he trusted that there was not much fault to be found with the other accommodations of the castle. Was there anything I might want for my comfort and enjoyment? No doubt I earnestly disclaimed the idea of my finding any fault with what I deemed (and all who ever knew it deemed) a paradise upon earth, and was brought to confess that I did not think the felicity of the situation could be increased by any addition to the rents. "Well," said my lord, "you seem much pleased with the appearance of the young married pair in the pew near us last Sunday; how well they were dressed, how well they looked, how happy they appeared to be, and how excellent a specimen (man and wife being one) they were of the fine Highland race. The bridegroom is the son of your friend Vespasian yonder,* and has just entered upon one of the nicest farms on the property: do you think it would be any gratification to Lady Willoughby or to me to put a few pounds towards rack upon his annual charge?" I could not imagine it probable!

But solicitude for the welfare of those within their sphere did not stop with special cases like this. I had the pleasure to assist his lordship in drawing up a graduated scheme, which he had devised for the benefit of all who were connected with, or dependent upon, the chief now at the head of their community. It was so regulated that, at stated periods, and according to a scale laid down and agreed upon, every individual on the estate, from the highest tenant to the lowest labourer, should set apart a portion of profits or wages, to form a common fund as a provision against future contingencies. It was a noble plan; and when the sum total (a very considerable one of many hundred pounds) was reckoned up, its generous promoters just doubled it. I need not describe what evils were prevented and what sufferings alleviated by means of this delightful savings bank, or mutual assurance fund. Cattle or sheep were lost on the farm, accidents happened to machinery, crops partially failed, sickness seized the labourer or casualty befell him, age and infirmity grew heavy on his family—in all the ills that flesh is heir to here was succour for the unfortunate and balm for the afflicted. Often have I pondered, were it possible to adopt such a system to our national condition (with the needful applications for migratory habits), how enormous would be the blessing, how few would seek the workhouse, how few beggars would exist, how the aged would be succoured, how the miserable would be comforted, how upright we should see the down-bent, stooping, worn-out labourer walk, how healthful many pale and decrepit mechanics, how crime would be diminished by the absence of prompting want, how self-respect would be cultivated, and the country never again be appalled by the horrifying stories of starving to death. Yet, *dream* as this be, I am sure that a great deal might be accomplished in this salutary direction, even if compulsory measures to realize it were resorted to. All the lessons of political economy, all the moral advising of prudence, and all the hallucinations of beatitude in equality are but vain imaginings to what is possible by any extent of practicable organization after the example of Drummond Castle.

I have so far exhibited individual and local effects of a very gratifying nature, emanating from the simple sources of cultivated manners, refined tastes, and gene-

* The clan Drummond are generally well-proportioned and athletic, and the females good-looking. My "friend Vespasian" was a principal tenant, to whom I had given the title from his remarkable resemblance to the marble bust of the Roman emperor among the twelve Cæsar ornaments of the admirable garden at Drummond Castle.

rous dispositions. But Lord Willoughby was eminently practical, and aimed at general improvement as the result of his persevering experiments. He devoted much time to the useful reclamation of waste land, and the conversion of peat into consolidated fuel, more valuable for all purposes, and especially for the arts, manufactures, and industrial pursuits of the country. He was the leader in this line of economic experiment, which, though of small account to Englishmen, is of no little importance to Scotland, with its vast tracts of bog and moor. Year after year I witnessed the progress of the design—the trials of seasons, conditions, newly-invented machines, methods of compression, etc.—till all difficulties were overcome, and the peat-fuel was employed in steam navigation. I possessed a razor, made by Savigny, the celebrated cutler, which proved that, being without sulphur, this substance far surpassed coal in the manufacture of steel. Lord Willoughby finished his laborious and costly task, and, like the noble man he was, he threw it openly to the public; and all the advantages at present reaped from his services are hardly traced or acknowledged to have sprung from their unostentatious and disinterested author.

The same story may be told of his experiments with the steam-plough, which he brought into perfect operation, and other agricultural improvements for which we owe him a debt of deep and lasting gratitude. He took the warmest interest in the prosperity of agriculture and the welfare of its labouring ranks, and, independently of his worth in other respects, might have deserved the answer paid by the Delphic oracle to Myson, when Anacharsis inquired who was the wisest man in Greece, "He who is now ploughing his fields!"

My readers, I have essayed, by a few light traits, to afford some idea of a truly good as well as great man—good in all the relations of life, fully sensible of the responsibilities of his social station, and urged far beyond the mere fulfilment of implied duties by a noble spirit of independent patriotism, and a firm religious sense of the claim of charity upon his fortune, and of Christianity upon himself. I may seem to be guilty of egotism from the manner in which I have spoken of association with several of the actions of one I have so highly eulogized; but at any rate I will make bold to say that, if I have exalted myself a little, I may plead as an excuse the fact of being honoured, through many years, with the intimate and confidential friendship of such persons as Lord and Lady Willoughby.

I have only to add that, in body as in mind, Lord Willoughby stood eminent among his fellows. His frame was manly, and he was distinguished in manly sports and pursuits. His presence was lofty and commanding, as may be seen in all the paintings and engravings of the grand national ceremonies of the last half-century. In the coronations, courts, royal marriages, and other magnificent assemblages, his high office of joint hereditary Great Chamberlain gave him a conspicuous place, and a glance at any of these splendid pictures will show that it could not have been occupied by one more to the manner born and dignified. Take him for all in all, he was as perfect an example as could be found of the noblest qualities which in our times have graced an English baron* and Scottish chief.

* Willoughby de Eresby is one of the very ancient baronies created by writ of summons, which pass, being heritable, by heirs male or female, at different periods into different families, and sometimes remain for centuries dormant; for, in the instance of there being no male heir, but several female, the barony does not devolve upon the eldest daughter, but upon all conjointly, and cannot, consequently, be inherited until there be a single heir to the whole without the especial interference of the Crown.

HOPS AND HOP-PICKERS.*



It is but a few years since crowded meetings were held in the hop-growing districts of England on the subject of proposed legislative interference. The growers who, time out of mind, annually beset the Chancellor of the Exchequer with what they considered a substantial grievance were roused into unusual excitement. It had been determined to abolish the heavy and obnoxious duty on home-grown hops, a pound for every hundredweight at that time. Such an alteration was a just but tardy concession, as all were agreed; but an unpalatable condition was threatened at the same time. The repeal of the import duty on foreign hops was proposed, and the project called forth strong opposition. Such an application of the principles of free trade roused all parties; and none denounced it more energetically than some of those who, in by-gone days, were the most clamorous for repeal of the corn duty. Vigorous and united action was therefore determined upon, and was taken accordingly. There was the inevitable deputation, which went up in due course, and said its say, and then withdrew, after the manner of deputations, and was seen no more.

Contrary, however, to the vaticinations of the learned in hops, the cultivation of the plant under the new régime is still maintained in this country, and there is reason to believe that it is on the increase. Thus far, at all events, the English grower is able to compete, with fair success, with all the world. John Bull has tried the cheap wines of France, and likes good beer much better; and there is, we are told, some prospect of our neighbours on the other side of the Channel liking it as well; and, taking all the circumstances of the present position of the hop trade into consideration, there is not, we think, any greater discouragement before the hop-grower than he has always had to contend with.

The crop is eminently of a waging character. So delicate is the plant, and capricious our climate, and such is the fickle nature of the market, that the growers are kept as much on the edge of expectation during the greater part of the year as if, in the language of an authority, they were gambling with their year's income at stake.

The districts in which hops are principally grown are (following the division adopted for excise purposes, now no longer required)—Kent, comprising the subdivisions of Rochester and Canterbury, and, at the time of the last return, growing upwards of 27,000 acres; Sussex, with nearly 9000; Worcester, comprising Hereford, Stourbridge, Wales, and Worcester, nearly 6000, of which the principality contributes little more than twenty; Farnham, comprising Hampshire, Isle of Wight, and Surrey altogether, 3400 acres. Other districts scarcely claim mention, there being in the three remaining ones, Essex, North Clays, and "Kingdom," barely 500 acres. The total number of acres under cultivation at the time of the return dated 1861 was upwards of 46,000. Although the Isle of Wight figures in the return as a hop-growing district, none, we believe, are grown there, the 1300 acres which paid duty being all situate in the north-east of Hampshire.

* We are indebted for this paper of suggestions to the Rev. J. Y. Stratton, of Maidstone.

Hops are said to have been introduced into this country from Flanders in the time of Henry VIII. They flourish in clays, in strong, deep loams, with dry sub-soil. In the neighbourhood of Maidstone, however, they succeed well on stony ground. The varieties principally grown in this country are the Colegates, Jones, Grapes, and Goldings.

The cultivation of the hop is expensive, the plant requiring constant supervision in all its stages of growth. It is propagated by cuttings taken early in the year and planted in a small plot of ground. The young plants remain in the bed one and sometimes two years. When wanted for planting out in the garden, they are dug up and tied together in bundles, and are worth about thirty shillings* per thousand.

The process of planting a hop-garden is interesting. The ground is divided by measurement into parts or rows, six feet, seven feet, or eight feet wide, according to the number of "hills" per acre which are placed in the rows. There are two, three, or more plants to a hill. The space between the rows is called the alley (passage or aisle). A "six-foot plant" has each hill six feet apart, and its alleys are six feet wide; three poles are generally required for each hill, and there are 1210 hills in an acre. The "seven-foot plant" has its alleys seven feet wide, and each hill seven feet apart; four poles are used at each hill, and the number of hills to the acre is 889. The "eight-foot plant" has a width of alley eight feet, and the hills are four feet apart; two poles are commonly required for each hill, and the number of hills per acre is 1361.

In speaking of the size of a garden, and in payment for work, the computation is made by the number of hills and the plant. For instance, a garden of three acres two roods and twenty perches is described to be three acres and a half and 151 hills six-foot plant.

In the first year the young hops are trained up sticks a few feet in height; and it is usual to grow an intermediate crop between the hills of turnips, potatoes, or wurzel. The second year sees them trained up longer poles. The poles are of different lengths, according to the strength of the plant and the soil, and full-length poles are not used before the third year. The best poles are oak, chestnut, and larch; inferior poles are ash, beech, and hazel. It is customary in Kent to cut the larch before the sap rises, and thus the valuable bark of this tree is wasted. The reason assigned is that the greater durability of the pole is thus secured, but there is ground for doubting the statement. Even if true, the value of the bark for tan-pit purposes would more than replace the depreciation in the wood. It is becoming customary also to dip the lower part of the poles in creosote, by which a great saving is effected in the wear and tear. For this purpose tanks with furnace are used. On large estates they are fixtures; but they are also made on wheels, and may be hired where preferable. When the foot of the pole is thoroughly saturated, it becomes hard, heavy, and durable, so that it resembles iron.

If the plant is trained up a pole of too great length, the vigour which ought to be held in reserve for the fruit is expended on the growth of "bine," its leader and laterals, and the crop is small. The Colegate hop requires a pole sixteen, eighteen, and, on strong soil, twenty feet in length. The Goldings, a beautiful and delicate variety, are easily overtrained if fourteen feet be exceeded. The Grapes have twelve-foot poles, and the Jones ten or eleven. It is usual for the grower to

have hops of a greater and less height, with a view to economy in poles.

In open weather in winter the ground is dug over and manured. The Kentish labourers dig with a spud or fork with three blade-like prongs. Excellent workmen they are at the use of this implement. As the spring advances all unnecessary shoots are cut away: the strength of the plant is thus concentrated on the leader. Women are employed in "hop-tying;" and as the leader climbs the pole the operation of tying is repeated. Meanwhile the garden is kept clear of weeds by means of a horse-hoe or nidget.

Notwithstanding the utmost care and skill, a few chilly nights in summer, a few days' ungenial weather, may ruin all chances of a crop. Nothing known and in use can do more than retard the process of destruction. Sulphur is frequently used in early stages of the growth; occasionally it has been known to be used in later (though not with the consent and approval of the merchant), to destroy insects injurious to the hop. It is debated whether the remedy does not kill both friend and foe, destroying both "the vermin" and the flies which live on "the vermin." The negur (a corruption of negro) is a black insect which classes among the friends of the hop; so also is the lady-bird. Among the foes to this ingredient of good beer may be reckoned the red spider, the flea, the fly, lice, the otter-moth, the green-fly, mould, mildew, honeydew, blight, and fire-blast.

Till towards the close of July safe auguries of a crop are impossible.

"Till James's day* be past and gone,
There may be hops, or there may be none."

When favoured by genial weather, the plant rapidly becomes exceedingly beautiful. It throws abroad luxuriant branches, ranging from hill to hill, and interlacing in graceful festoons across the alleys, in some places high overhead, at others curving low almost to the ground. At length the blossom appears. The female blossom becomes the fruit, which hangs in thick clusters of a pale green colour, in shape somewhat resembling bunches of grapes. Unceasing care is still necessary, and more frequently than not, we fear, the crop after all deceives the expectations formed of it. A scanty and poor picking in wet and cold weather is the return for the outlay and skill of the grower.

By increasing the accommodation for drying and storing the hops, and obtaining a larger supply of labourers, the hop-picking season has of late years been shortened nearly one-half. It rarely exceeds three weeks, and is usually a less term, commencing about the close of the first week in September.

To pick fifty acres of hops there are upwards of two hundred people, who are divided into parties or "companies" of eight or ten adults, besides children.† The chief man of the company is the "binman," whose duty it is to keep the bins supplied. Each picker has a bin or half a bin, into which the hops fall as fast as they are picked off the bine. The bine is cut near the root, the pole pulled up and laid conveniently for the picker. In some districts baskets are used instead of bins. The workpeople are paid by the bushel, the agreement being to pick a certain number of bushels for a shilling. This is called "tallying," from the ancient and still customary use of the tally. Its recommendation is that it furnishes a simple method of keeping accounts correctly among people who can neither read nor write; but it is giving way before the educated system of booking

* A particular kind is stated in the papers to be sold at eighteen shillings per hundred.

• 28th July.

† Mid-Kent custom is here described.

the work, for which purpose the services of a clerk are required on the ground. The measurer, or tallyman, is the person whose duty it is to measure each picker's work, and thus regulate the pay. By this means also the quantity of hops is known before removal from the ground; and a check is thus provided, securing in some degree the property when taken to the kiln.

The different bins' companies take up their ground in a line at first concealed by the hops, and from two to three hundred yards in length. As the poles "come down" the bins are moved from time to time, so that the people keep close to their work. Under favourable circumstances three to four acres a day will be cleared of all trace of vegetation as effectually as if swarms of locusts had been busy there. The contrast between the luxuriant growth in front of the workpeople and the devastation they leave behind them is striking. The work is usually carried on cheerfully, if not quietly; but there are frequent exceptions. The motley crowd of London Irish and towns' poor, clad in tattered habiliments, will unite and force the home pickers (usually nothing loath, excepting to save appearances) to strike for an increase of pay. The tally has been fixed at seven, and the cry is for six: in plain language, they demand twopence a bushel instead of picking seven for one shilling. If agreement on the ground is not possible, they will rush *en masse* to the house of the hop-grower, and demand justice with loud cries and violent gesticulations. At such moments there is not, perhaps, the greatest possible security for person or property, and cases have occurred where the assistance of the military has been required. Generally the dispute is terminated by paying off and discharging the most turbulent and making a partial concession. In the history and practice of strikes a mob of hop-pickers furnishes singular and curious examples.

Women are excellent pickers, many of them earning from two to three shillings a day. During the last season in some cases more than the latter amount was made. Children are often useful pickers, doing better than men who are not accustomed to the work. The latter had better remain at home, as they can with difficulty make a living. The occupation in fine weather is pleasant, and, notwithstanding the serious defects which are still permitted in the matter of food and lodging, it is so conducive to health as to counterbalance many of the discomforts which immigrant hop-pickers are obliged to submit to.

From the bin the hops are carried in bags to the "oast-house." This building consists of spacious floors for drying, packing, and storing the hops. It contains five or six kilns, usually circular, as shown in the sketch. The cost of such a one is from £900 to £1000. The drying-floors are covered with horsehair, on which the hops are placed, to the depth, in the early part of the picking, of nine or ten inches, but, as the season advances, and the crop is brought home perfectly ripe, a larger quantity is dried at once. Here they remain ten or twelve hours, during which time the kilns are said to be loaded. Large coke and coal furnaces are kept burning night and day. Sulphur is thrown into the furnace in large quantities at certain times, for no other reason than to give the hops a bright colour. The kilns have high conical-shaped roofs, each surmounted by a cowl and a vane, which adjusts itself to the wind and thus helps to secure a free draught.

When the hops are dried "to a turn"—and much skill is necessary to adjust the point—they are carefully removed to the clean and nicely-kept upper floor of the oast-house. A circular hole in the floor admits the

"pocket," which is fastened securely by means of hooks. Into this the hops are shovelled. A young and active man, one of the driers, clad in old coat, trousers, and shoes, but with no inner raiment, jumps into the pocket, and, by treading, packs the hops equally and tightly as they are thrown in. He dances away till the pocket is filled as tight as a drum. The sight is laughable enough, but the labour is severe.

A machine has been introduced within the last few years which saves the labour of packing the hops by treading them. It is capable of some improvement, but appears to answer pretty well.

The pockets will be found to be of nearly uniform weight, and are stored together till the samples are drawn, after which they are soon on their way to the hop-factor. The mode of making the pockets has no difficulty, and the driers generally make them. A piece of "hop-pocketing" is doubled, a handful of hops secured in each corner for handles, the sides are sewn together, and the sack is made. When filled, two more handles are similarly contrived and the mouth sewn together. The weight in West Kent is a few pounds more than a hundredweight and a half.

"Drawing the samples" is the work of a skilled hand. An instrument called a clinch is thrust into the side of the pocket, and a small square parcel of hops is extracted. The cavity thus made is filled up by hops kept for the purpose, and a patch sewn over the spot makes all secure. The sample is neatly tied up in paper, and numbered to correspond with the pocket. By its means the factor effects a sale with the hop-merchant, who in turn supplies the brewer. The grower's prices vary so largely that quotation is almost useless. The local papers, however, contain weekly reports, not only of the state of trade, but of the condition of the hops during their growth and the picking. On reference to the "South-eastern Gazette" of September 13th last year, we find the selling-price per hundredweight as follows:—

East Kents	140s.	160s.	180s.
Mid	120s.	140s.	160s.
Wealders	90s.	110s.	140s.
Sussex	100s.	115s.	125s.
Worcesters	120s.	130s.	140s.
Farnhams	130s.	147s.	168s.

We now come to the cost of the hop-garden, the particulars of which are of two kinds—the fixed, and the variable cost. The former comprises the rent, wear and tear, manure, and other fixed annual items; the latter depends on the crop, and is extremely variable, and includes picking, drying, and sale expenses.

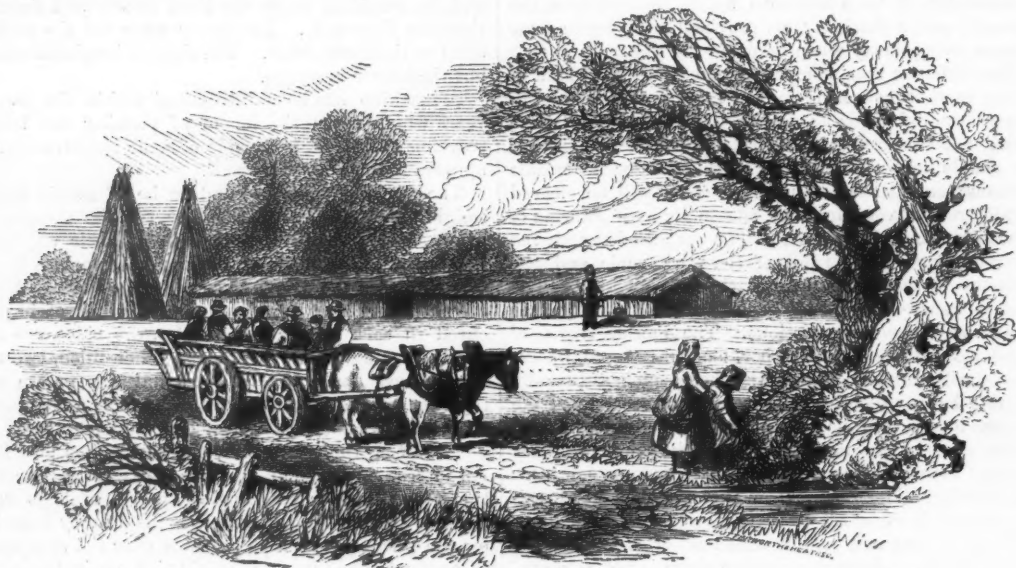
The following is an account of an estate growing nearly 48 acres of hops, all fixed charges being kept separate from the variable:—

Expenses.	£	s.	d.
(1) Taxes, insurance, tithe rent-charge, poles, horse-labour, manure, and labour		23	0 0
Rent, including oast-house		5	0 0
Fixed cost per acre		28	0 0
(2) Picking and drying	263	7	0
Coals, coke, and brimstone	35	0 0	
Hop-pockets	36	4	0
Carriage of hops and commission on sale	72	9	0
407 0 0 Per acre, variable cost	8	11	4
Total cost per acre		36	11 4

The average crop for seven years last grown on this estate is ten hundredweight per acre. In one year twenty hundredweight was the crop. Last year seven hundredweight per acre was the return to the grower. There is no complication to be unravelled

in the receipts if we take the selling-price of the hops to be £7 per hundredweight. The grower would, in this case, realize a handsome profit; receiving £49 for every acre which cost him under £37.

The selling-price may be such as to cause a loss; and to keep them on hand is not frequently found to mend matters much. One incubus the grower has certainly got rid of—the hop duty. When this estate, for instance,



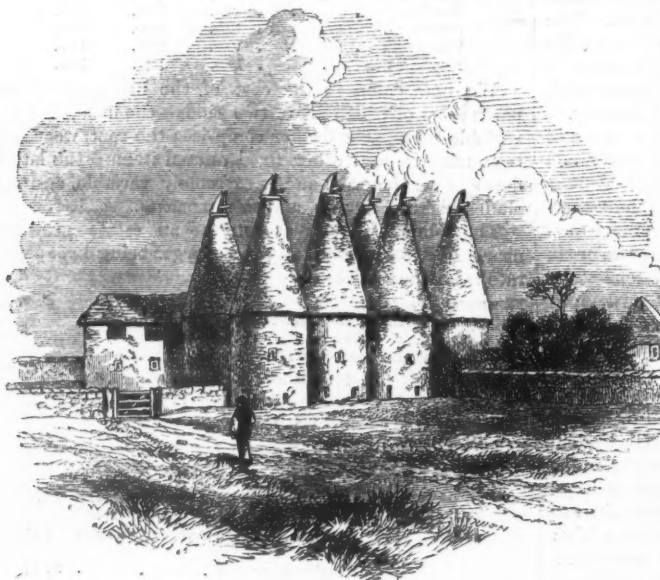
SHEEP-HURDLE GATE-HOUSE.

The fixed items have been stated in a lump sum, but care has been taken to ensure accuracy in the amount. The three driers received each £7 7s. for their work, which lasted exactly fifteen days. They are paid alike, although one is considered the head man. They are farm-labourers, working at ordinary wages during the remainder of the year.

One source of anxiety to the grower is that nothing

grew twenty hundredweight per acre, the duty exacted was £20 per acre, and that at a time when the market was overstocked and prices much depressed. Such was the strange anomaly which legislation on this branch of agriculture created to the injury of the cultivation, and the substantial grievance which is now happily a thing of the past.

In the early part of the month of September numbers of the poorest inhabitants of London, the Borough, and great towns, principally situate on the Medway and Thames, leave their homes for the purpose of obtaining employment in the hop-gardens of West Kent. Railway facilities are provided for them at reduced fares by the South-eastern Company; and we are indebted to the courtesy of the general manager, Mr. Eborall, for information about those who travel by rail. From London the total number this year conveyed by the company in special hop-pickers' trains was upwards of nine thousand, and by the same company from Gravesend two thousand and ninety joined the trains. They are brought to Maidstone and stations between that town and Tunbridge. In addition to those who come by rail are numbers who arrive on foot; but of these no accurate estimate can be offered, though we shall be probably within the mark if the total estimate of immigrant hop-pickers is placed at twenty thousand. It is also customary to send, to certain convenient places of meeting, waggons, which convey many to their respective lodgings or "hopper-houses."



HOPPER-HOUSE.

can be predicted with certainty of the selling-price till the quantity likely to arrive at the market is known.

The hopper-house is generally a long, low-pitched building, divided internally into ten or a dozen compartments, each with entrance from outside. The

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HOP-PICKING.



size of the compartments—we cannot employ the term apartments—is ten, twelve, or fourteen feet square. They are open to the roof, nine feet high, side-walls about six. Internal division is brick, with strong lattice-work above. The building is brick, and slated or tiled. Older buildings for this purpose are often formed of shingle, or wattle and plaster, with thatched or boarded roofs. As the tenements are required principally for sleeping in, no window is needed, and fireplaces are built apart for cooking purposes.

Each compartment is allotted to a bin's company, leaving the arrangements to be settled by the party. Where there is a family, one place is sometimes assigned to them, and care is in some cases taken to have a separate lodging for young unmarried men. The bedding is straw, with which the floor is thickly littered, and upon this are laid such articles for comfort as the immigrants bring with them; blankets, or counterpanes, or rugs of some kind. Sheets are a luxury rarely, if ever, seen. A screen made of straw twisted in a sheep-hurdle, or a similar contrivance, may be seen in some of the houses; but there is little attempt to secure privacy, and, indeed, little use in attempting it. But the occupants do not generally trouble themselves on the subject. The use of tables and chairs is wholly foregone during their sojourn in the country. Lanterns are provided by some hop-growers; but it is customary to extemporize a candlestick, and fix it on the wall, or hang it from the roof, or set it on the straw. A few pegs driven into the wall, and a stick or two fixed cornerwise at the eaves, to hang clothes on at night, complete the furniture of the hopper-house; while a tin pan or two for cooking, and a bowl or two and tub for washing clothes, are joint property of the occupants. The latter must be placed on the ground; so that to wash one's face requires the performer to kneel.

Of late years tents have been extensively used, and, if a trench is dug outside, and care be taken against overcrowding, and to secure a free draught through them in the daytime, they supply excellent accommodation. The want of security is the only objection against them which we have heard alleged; and, although one may smile at the notion of lock and key for those

*"Quorum copinus fenumque
Omne supellex,"*

the loss of their furniture would be a disaster to these poor people. It is customary to provide padlocks for the hopper-houses, which are secured during the time the people are at work.

The accommodation of the hopper-house is about the same in point of comfort as that provided for vagrants in the stable of a union workhouse. But it frequently happens that they are overcrowded; ten or twelve men, women, and children sleeping together in one place, so close that there is barely room to step between them. In such cases the heat is most offensive, and the atmosphere dangerous to health. Cleanliness, like some other virtues among the wandering poor, is but little cultivated, though one may see them washing their faces on a Sunday morning. But, where boys and girls grow up without shoes and stockings, cleanliness comes to be generally ignored. It would be a work of the most useful kind, tending directly to improve these classes in habits essential to health, if means were taken to bring them to wear some protection against the dirt of the streets, which becomes ingrained into them, and which, from habit, they regard with indifference.

It is customary to supply fuel to each bin's company. A couple of fagots a week suffice. In addition to the

cook-house, fires are built on the green; around which the people sit, if the evening is fine, and sing their songs and crack their jokes, after which they turn in for the night and settle down to sleep. Any one passing near the spot an hour later would not suppose that, in the long and low-roofed tenement hard by, more than a hundred souls were gathered together; but such is a fair specimen of the accommodation. Except as regards overcrowding, we express the belief, founded on all the circumstances of the case, that little more can be done; though a few suggestions will be offered in their place of a practical kind for certain improvements.

One or two instances will, however, first be given of other tenements which the exigency of the service creates.

Sheep-hurdles are first fixed into the ground and fastened together. Others are placed on the top of them slantwise. Opposite to them is a similar construction. By fastening the hurdles which meet at the roof angle we have the skeleton of sides and roof. This is thatched with wheat-straw, secured by hazel sticks. Such a building may be made of any length, and is readily put up by the farm-labourer and the stack-thatcher. The divisions are made in the same manner. A hurdle stuffed with straw answers the purposes of a door. The building is an ingenious makeshift, much better than it looks; for the ventilation is secured through the thatch, both roof and sides, while all is weather-tight and snug. But the objectionable form of it is that shown in the sketch, which has but one door, the den being about thirty feet long, and made to accommodate (?) a large party of men, women, and children. The width is six feet, and the height that of the sheep-hurdle at the sides, and in the middle barely high enough for a man to stand upright. Where the divisions are properly made, and care is taken not to overcrowd, the sheep-gate hopper-houses are by no means the worst.

Another exceptional case, and a bad one, is the shed, thatched in a similar manner to the former. The arrangements made by a party of twenty-eight, who occupied one of these places, were described to be as follows:—There was no internal division of any kind. In one corner four young men slept; then came the children, next the married people, and in the opposite corner were the girls. The shed was not crowded, and its occupants were tolerably well conducted; keeping good order till towards the close of the hop-picking, when some of them took to drinking, and disturbances arose. We forbear commentary on the effects, in a moral and social point of view, on the people who found a lodging of this kind for more than a fortnight.

There are also instances in which sheds constructed for cattle are appropriated to the hop-pickers. At the best such an arrangement is to be deprecated; and, generally, the buildings are of use for storage purposes. If, however, great care is taken to have them thoroughly well cleaned before the people come, objection is lessened. Where that care is wanting, and the immigrants turned into them "as if," such was the exclamation of one of them, "we were so many cattle," is it strange that their conduct is little better?

Notwithstanding all discomforts, so invigorating is the occupation of hop-picking, so healthy the change from town to country, that illnesses are rare. But still there is the risk; and, although every precaution is taken, as soon as a case is known, to remove the sufferer to the nearest union, it is not among the least blessings attendant on the close of the hop-picking to count freedom from infectious illness as one. In 1849 the

fearful scourge of cholera broke out among the immigrants at East Farleigh. Forty deaths occurred, and, but for the unwearied exertions of the vicar* and his family, a much larger number must have died. Those exertions will long be remembered, and no account of the efforts made on behalf of these poor people should omit mention of them.

Our observations on the supply of food will be necessarily brief. With the notion of buying at a bargain possessed by so many of the town poor, when they come into the country, it would be matter of surprise if imposition in the sale of meat, and adulteration in other articles of food, were not practised. Where the water-supply is not pure and good an undoubted and grave abuse is suffered to exist.

It is only justice to the hop-growers to state that they are not generally insensible to the necessity of securing, so far as they can, the proper accommodation and food of their workpeople. Many efforts have been made with this object in view, and in some cases with good results. But, from the vagrant character of the uncleanly and ill-fed classes, the difficulty is great. It is increased by the utter disregard for their good shown by the objects on whom improvement is attempted. A worthy land-owner, who resided occasionally in the county of Kent, shocked at the immorality permitted by the arrangements, provided and numbered separate apartments for married and unmarried people; but, on visiting his hopper-houses one Sunday afternoon, he found them living, as they described it, all higgledy-piggledy. His remonstrances were derided, and nothing could be done.

Nevertheless some steps may and should, we think, be taken; and, from knowledge of the hop-growers, we state with confidence that, if a practical remedy could be devised for some evils pointed out in these pages, it would be adopted. Inquiry into the state of the accommodation proves that it is better now than in former times. When bands of Irish labourers roamed the country in quest of work, the double harvest of corn and hops in Kent was a profitable adventure to them. They slept anywhere—in barns, outhouses, and waggon-sheds, and sometimes under the hedgerow. But, as competition forced the growers to better themselves and adopt the best means of securing the crop, the reduction of time became an object of importance in hop-picking. More labourers were wanted, while the Irish supply fell short, and at length ceased altogether. Accommodation was at first and excusably inadequate; but, now that the numbers annually required are ascertained, insufficient provision on all points is not easily justifiable.

Much of the evil arising from overcrowding and from faulty structures would be checked if an inspector of these tenements was appointed who would certify their fitness and the number each should contain. The refusal of a certificate in cases such as have been described in this article, with the power to inflict a fine of small amount, would protect the immigrants from the evils to which they are exposed, and the hop-grower, on the other hand, would find his account in a less defiant and abandoned class of labourers. The same regulations should be applied to tents, respecting the number of inmates, and security against wind and wet above and below, and to any tenements, whether waggon-shed, barn, or sheep-gate house. Proper conveniences should also be provided, and gross, but at present unavoidable, indecencies be no longer permitted. The experience of such an agent would be most useful in suggesting other alterations. His attention would be directed also to

the meat and other articles of food exposed for sale or sold to the hop-pickers, so that punishment might be fairly anticipated in cases of fraud. We have known diseased beef sold at twopence a pound to the occupants of a hopper-house numbering upwards of eighty persons, many of whom were ill, in consequence, as they stated, of their bargain in beef.

The appointment and control of such an officer might be in the hands of the boards of guardians in the unions of the district. They are the protectors of the poor recognised by law, and, by means of their relieving officers—a very different class of men, be it remembered, to the Bumble of other days—would efficiently secure the proper administration of such duties. Regulations of such a kind as these would not be found to be of an inquisitorial character, neither would there be difficulty if they received the support and sanction of the Poor-law Board. The expense would be but trifling, and be more than compensated, independently of stronger reasons, by an improved state of accommodation and an attention to the requirements of the workpeople, which would on their part exercise its natural influence for good. We would not interfere with their sleeping arrangements; such interference, however well meant, does more harm than good; but, with the knowledge that, even in the classes lowest in the social scale, there is a leaning to and a disposition to do what is right, we ask that every encouragement may be given to strengthen that disposition, and that nothing preventable by common and ordinary Christian care may be suffered to paralyse and weaken it.

As a further means of improvement, a middle-man or agent of a better class than those at present in the field is much wanted to supply the hop-pickers required. At present this is done by "binmen," who get their friends together and make a party which constitutes the company. The binman knows that the worse the hands are, the longer the picking will last; and here is certainly some inducement against the selection of good ones. Still we doubt not that efficient agents would be found among the binmen and persons living among these classes. They would obtain lists of names of the hop-pickers, striking off such lists, so far as possible, all persons of disorderly and turbulent character. Such a step would encourage many more poor, but respectable persons to come than do now, and a great improvement might be perceptible in two or three years. That the classes from which the selection is made are among the poorest is quite evident; for persons who have a settled trade or occupation cannot, as a general rule, afford to leave it for the season. There is not much force, we think, in the objection that such agents would get the poor into their own hands: competition would check such an evil; at least, as much as it does at present among the binmen.

A bench and a table and lantern might, we hope, be assigned to each compartment by the owner, without the danger of their being purposely broken. Much inconvenience is felt for want of articles of this kind, and a small payment exacted from the binman would cover any wanton damage they sustained.

Under these conditions a fortnight or three weeks' sojourn in a "hopper-house," though none of the most desirable, would be deprived of much of an objectionable character.

We shall close our remarks on the subject with some reference to the present moral state of the immigrant hop-pickers, and of efforts made for their good. The clergy and others view with dismay the annual inroad into their localities of the lowest and most degraded

* Rev. W. H. Wilberforce.

town poor, and dread, not without good reason, the contaminating influence of their evil example upon the peasantry. On a Sunday morning it is customary for the washing and mending of clothes and cooking to be done. This falls to the lot of the women. The men meanwhile lounge about with nothing to do, and the boys compel a vigilant look-out on the part of the owners of fruit lands. After dinner, games are resorted to, and, from the language and customs, it is quickly seen that the lowest social and moral tone pervades the company. A clergyman or Scripture reader approaches. A few persons civilly, but firmly, refuse to hold communication with him. Others swarm around him, eager to obtain tracts and papers, which form a good introduction. Good periodicals are always in great demand, and the custom of leaving one or two of these papers at each door of the hopper-house every Sunday affords one the opportunity of finding out the unobtrusive, but well-conducted people, who, we believe, are always to be found among them. The visitor soon finds himself in the midst of as motley a congregation, clad in rags and vile apparel, as the gospel was ever preached to. If a hymn or a psalm be given out, the people will join heartily in the singing. The sermon will have all the advantages which some critics on such compositions believe is gained by a running and free commentary on the preacher; yet, notwithstanding, once gain a hearing, and more attentive congregations it is impossible to find. Among the hymns and tunes which they appear to know is a somewhat peculiar version of Ken's "Evening Hymn," which is not improbably the most popular piece of poetry in the whole world; then the hymn, and its tune, both composed by Oliver, "Lo! He comes with clouds descending;" and if we add the "Old Hundreth," there is ample music for the service. After the sermon, the congregation will join in the Litany. A short and most appropriate service is thus secured. Some complain of feeling cold, and therefore notice is given that the service will be repeated in the church on the following Sunday evening. If one-fourth of the number who will surround the minister in the open air come into the church, the congregation is large: for the objection that they have no clothes to come in is a valid one with them; and another reason is furnished by the objection—which is, perhaps, in some measure English, but in no class so strong as among farm-labourers—against intruders in their seats in church. They do not like persons of a lower class of life than themselves to sit among them; and, indeed, the company of uncleanly people can be loved by nobody. It is plain, by their behaviour, that many of those who come have never been accustomed to public worship, perhaps have never before been in a church in their lives. They sit, or stand, or walk out in the middle of the service, and look in again for a few minutes. The service is evidently, to them, a peculiar and curious ceremony. In addition to such efforts, reading and explaining the Scriptures aloud in the hop-garden has been done and liked by the people. But it requires great tact on the part of the reader; and few men, perhaps, possess the qualification required to secure an audience of such a character and in such a place.

But the bulk of the hop-pickers cannot be so easily dealt with by those who mean them well. Many, and reference need not be limited to the London Irish, appear scarcely human: old hags, without bonnets, with short pipes in their mouths and horrible language on their lips, fighting and tearing each other on the least provocation; young women fast coming on to resemble their seniors—sailor wives they say they are; if

so, their conversation is coupled with no fear. They will have a jumping-match on the green just as the folks are coming out of church. A hurdle is set up, and London, and Woolwich, and Chatham amazons bound over the same by the help of a hop-pole, amidst the applauding shouts and laughter of respective admirers. They have long surmounted the barriers of feminine modesty and virtue. Such is Sunday among the hop-pickers.

The orgies which wind up the hop-picking are a disgrace to the country: drunkenness and riot are prevalent, in which the women are conspicuous, and, indeed, appear to take the lead, and to incite the men to quarrels and acts of violence. If one is to escape the feeling of loathing and disgust at the language and conduct, the only plan is to keep beyond the range of hearing and seeing. For the sake of our rural poor, who cannot do this, and especially of the women and children, we earnestly call attention to this periodical local evil, with the desire that effort will be persistently made to preserve them, as far as possible, from the contaminating example thus wantonly set by the lowest town poor. Their demoralizing influences are enormous. So long as no steps are taken to obtain an improved state of things, we shall have to submit to the evils here brought to public notice, or to a worse form of them. We say this advisedly, for there is ground to believe that the conduct of the immigrants becomes yearly worse.

One means of conveying the hop-pickers to and from their homes is the waggon, which still does good service, notwithstanding the railways. "We were allowed," said an old waggoner who had "carted them" upwards of thirty years to and from one estate, "twelve hours for the journey out and home. The party sit round the luggage, atop of the luggage, and anywhere they can. Our team was always four horses. We left the bells at home, but we had a fiddle or two. Some would walk, and some would ride, and we should be near forty altogether. Stop at *all* the public-houses, of course, for half an hour or so [the distance was ten miles]. The waggoner and his mate get plenty of beer given to keep all right with the team. Some drink, and some dance, till the coach goes on without them; then they run arter, and jump in. More beer, apples, pears, nuts, and walnuts, maybe, and shrimps. Then they sing till they fall out and fight, during which we get to the end of the journey, and so part company."

THE MAIN CHANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "THE FERROL FAMILY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—A TESTAMENT.

"An' he used to complain as his head for numbers wasn't so good, an' count over an' over till you'd be sick of it. An' he wouldn't see the doctor nohow, all I could do, till he was fairly took, an' fell over the counter, as I said in the letter."

This was Mrs. Lombard, giving a history to her son of her brother's illness. "An' he was that anxious to see you, Ralph—that anxious as you never saw: it's summat about the will, I think."

"Yes," said Ralph, absently. He was walking to and fro in the little parlour, according to his habit, with one hand in his pocket (as the sculptor had carved him for posterity) and the other hand slowly caressing his un-bearded chin and cheek.

"Yes? Then he spoke to you about it?" rejoined his mother, quickly.

And he had to ask, "About what?" Clearly his head

was very full of other affairs this evening, and, when she told him, he expressed no interest. "The fact is, mother, that I came here to inform you of something important. I am going to be married again."

"Going to be married again!" repeated Mrs. Lombard, as if trying to get round the fact and properly realize it. After a pause of such mental exercise, "Well, then, if you are—and I know that my own boy will never do but what's sensible and right, and just as it should be—here's a mother's kiss and a blessing for you, Ralph!"

She got up and hugged him on the spot, and he returned it heartily; and the poor woman shed tears. He sat down beside her and suffered her to retain one of his hands in her own.

"Now tell me all about her, an' who she is, an' what she's like," said Mrs. Lombard. "Is she rich, like the first one?"

"Hasn't a penny piece," was the reply. "But, oh, mother, if she isn't rich, she's everything else that a man ever loved." He said these words with more emotion of tenderness than his mother had seen him show in his life. For a full minute he was silent, and turned his face away, that she might not behold the unusual moisture glistening in his hard worldly eyes.

"She's Miss Sarsfield, daughter of the gentleman that owned Castle Lough before me. Her Christian name is Pen—the short for Penelope. As to describing her, that is out of the question; but I'll show you her picture."

And when he had opened the case, and it was in his mother's hands, inspected through her glasses, he gazed at the image within along with her: not Pen in a happy bright mood, as befitting a bride expectant, but Pen in her cold proud beauty, almost enough to have chilled the sun-rays that painted her semblance. His mother instinctively felt that she should fear this girl.

"She's nothing but beautiful," was the old lady's remark, after a long look—"she's nothing but beautiful. Ralph dear"—timidly spoken—"is she a bit proud in herself?"

"I suppose she is," he answered, his brow clouding. "I know perfectly well that I would have no chance of her but for my money."

"You shouldn't say that," put in the mother, regarding him fondly. "You're a man any girl might love and be proud of, though I say it that oughtn't!"

"At all events, she has promised to marry me," he said, "which is so far satisfactory." And he resumed his walk with the former absent air.

"How does Esther like it?" asked Mrs. Lombard, after a pause.

"Esther hasn't heard. She will be delighted, because she loved Miss Sarsfield greatly when she was at school in Douglas. They struck up a wonderful friendship." He remembered also another person at Castle Lough, who he instinctively knew would be anything but charmed with the change.

"And it was just like you, Ralph," observed the mistaken mother, with a fresh dew of delight in her eyes, "to choose Esther's friend, and have a view to your child's happiness as well as your own." Mr. Lombard did not disown the praise, though he knew that Esther's wish was not a feather's weight in his estimation—in fact, that he had never thought of her at all.

He was not as talkative about his lady-love as prospective bridegrooms generally are; and the hundred questions his mother would have liked to ask were quenched by his demeanour. What was the drop of bitterness in his cup of joy? Merely this, that he understood the transaction to be matter of bargain and

sale, as well as any railway scrip or bank shares in his possession. By no means could he deceive himself into thinking that he had any hold upon Pen's heart. She had frankly told him so, which was only one of excellent reasons for his knowing. Never had he seen a free smile on her face for him. Even his costly gifts—one was a *rivière* of diamonds, which woke the strongest Boisragon raptures in Pen's mother—were received by Pen's self with a cold "You are very generous, Mr. Lombard." I believe he had really thought to purchase the girl's affection with such treasures; as also with his handsome house and noble dower. He had yet to learn that there are two or three things in our account of happiness which money cannot buy.

It was some time later in the evening that his mother made the inquiry—"By the way, Ralph, haven't you heard anything since of poor Joe?"

"Nothing," he replied. "I told you how that ship was wrecked on its way to New York, and the crew taken off by another ship and carried to Havana. Probably he's at the bottom of the sea."

"Oh, Ralph!"

How much money would Mr. Lombard have given, I wonder, to have his conjecture demonstrated as actual truth!

"Well, I can gain no tidings of him, at all events," he replied to his mother's exclamation. "I wrote to an agent at Havana, and heard that the shipwrecked crew had dispersed about, and taken service in vessels bound for different ports. The lame sailor was believed to have shipped for Valparaiso, and, if the boy is alive, he probably went with him."

"It's worritin' after all the money you spent on him, Ralph. But we're never to look for gratitude in this world, I do believe. Poor Joe! I can't say but I was fond of that boy," she added, in the old apologetic manner for having any sentiment unshared by her son. "As to Duster, she's fairly a fool about him, an' keeps his room as orderly this minute as it's fit for a sort of prince, lest he might come in any day; and of winter nights I verily believe she'd ha' left the street-door ajar, if I'd ha' let her. Often she run up to see if there wasn't a ring, when 'twas only muffins outside; an' as to the number of times she's dreamed he come back all in rags and a-dripping with the salt water, they'd be past countin': I'd know 'em by her poor eyes being as red as radishes next mornin'."

"I see you have her in the shop now," he observed.

"'Cause she's the faithfulest creetur' ever was known, and wouldn't wrong her master of a ha'penny for untold gold. Even Chippen hisself trusts her wonderful, considerin' his nater what it is: though he don't like her bein' fat, an' thinks she eats too much. Ralph, he won't ever believe you're agoing to marry without a great fortune."

"No need he should hear it," said the nephew. "The less his mind gets to confuse it the better. Does that little man often come to visit him?"

"Mr. Lamb, of Ebenezer P.—Chippen wouldn't have him. His heart has grown that hard with the love of the money, that it's my belief he never thinks he has a soul at all. He used to call Sunday the greatest waste of time, an' be all afternoon a grumblin' because he couldn't have the shop-shutters took down. An' there now! after his slaving and scraping, an' living as uncomfortable as any beggarman couldn't hardly be worse, he'll have to die an' leave it all. But it's queer he said nothin' to you about the will, Ralph? He has it on his mind, I'm certain."

Mrs. Lombard was well-nigh as curious and as

ignorant on the subject as her neighbours Buffin and Greasegrind. Grievous was the toil which the poor old man expended in his dressing every day, in order to sit, in considerable discomfort, on the padlocked box, which he must also, at some time or other, have opened with inconceivable efforts; for he, on the second day of his nephew's visit, was possessed of some papers which could no otherwise have been forthcoming—papers worn at the corners, and creased from long and frequent folding, and not a little soiled, with the same infirm and niggard writing on them that appeared in the shop accounts downstairs, as if an inch of margin was grudged. They were wrapped in an old newspaper, and often fumbled over, except when any one entered the room, when they would be nervously hidden under the coverlet spread upon his knees. And though the sharp old eyes gazed often keenly at his nephew, as if there was something on his mind he would fain speak about, and the poor old mouth mumbled much, as with inarticulate words, he said nought until Mr. Lombard stood up to go away.

"Ralph, Ralph!" catching his hand nervously, "thee'll be back again?" His utterance could scarcely be made out by a person unused to it. Mr. Lombard answered that he was going home to Ireland.

"Because—there was onething—" and the old newspaper was brought out with trembling fingers, and its contents fumbled over, and a particular paper clutched eagerly—"I was thinkin'—I was thinkin', Ralph—but I'm not very bad, I'm wonderful well now, ain't I?"

His nephew, gazing on the poor wreck from the height of his own strength and health, could only say that Mr. Chippen was better than he had expected to find him.

"An' I may live a long time, mayn't I? The summer is coming, an' mayhap I'd go out to the country at Whitsuntide. I'd like to see a bunch of May again; 'twould make me quite strong. Oh, I feel wonderful well, Ralph, boy!"

"Glad to hear it, sir," replied Mr. Lombard. But, if so, he thought appearances were much belied. "I suppose you wanted to say something about your will?" for it seemed to him best to come to the point.

That particular paper was held tighter, with a sort of shudder. "But there's time enough, Ralph, don't you think? I may live a long time yet, mayn't I? It's all ready—I wrote it a long time ago—but it isn't signed; an' there's time enough, don't you think?"

"If you are anxious about it, you would do better to sign and have it over," said Mr. Lombard, who did not believe that a will was a death-warrant.

"But people don't sign till—till they're dying," the old man rejoined; "an' I may live a long time yet, Ralph, you said; an' I feel wonderful well, an' so strong!" The drooped figure, and ashen trembling face, and lean hands spread out like claws over his precious papers, belying every word.

"People sign whenever they choose," said Mr. Lombard: "mine is signed and witnessed long ago;" and he remembered, as a collateral fact, that as, by English law, any will is annulled by the marriage of the testator subsequent to its execution, he must make a new disposition of his property as soon as the event took place.

"You signed your will, Ralph, an' you didn't die," said Mr. Chippen, musingly, showing the superstition that had hold of his thoughts; "ah! but you've money to leave—you're very rich, Ralph, boy—and I'm poor—poor, Ralph! You wouldn't believe how poor, Ralph!"

"I must go, sir: I want to catch the train for Chester;" and he extended his hand. "I hope you'll be

stronger next time, uncle;" and a deep pity filled him as he stood with the shrunken fingers in his brawny palm. "As to the will, it's really no matter; any time will do."

"Oh, yes, an' I'm feeling so wonderful well! Quite young an' strong to-day, Ralph!" There was a flickering attempt at a smile on the flaccid features, as mournful to look upon as tears.

"He'll not hold through the summer," said Mrs. Lombard to her son, downstairs. "An' be growin' feebler every week, the doctor says. An' it goes to his heart to drink the glass of wine he's ordered, though it's not he pays for it. An' he counts the money from the till every night all wrong. Poor Chippen! he's fairly gone."

"Have the little man from Ebenezer to visit him as often as you can," was almost the last direction of Mr. Lombard. The question of profit and loss had not been stirred in that soul without some result; but whereas he would have settled any matter of this world's business, involving momentous interests, at the earliest possible opportunity, he considered that this could wait awhile—except, of course, in Mr. Chippen's case, where he admitted some urgency.

CHAPTER XVII.—A TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

In the sort of colourless life which Esther led, the most joyous incident that had hitherto occurred was certainly the announcement of her father's approaching marriage to her dear friend. She was made aware of it by a note from his hotel at Liverpool, of the curt and pithy description that he usually penned. Perhaps there were five lines in it, and she received it only a post previously to his own arrival at Castle Lough. I doubt if he would have written at all but for the reflection that he would prefer that any unpleasant surprise on the part of Esther's chaperon should evaporate before his coming.

Had not every one of the West Indian widow's little manoeuvres been perfectly patent to the moneyed man? They amused her, and were quite innocuous to him. He knew that he was an eligible *parti*, and saw clearly various little nets spread to entangle him, through which he broke with the most provoking indifference. He was quite aware that the world considers a wealthy marriage to be a woman's Main Chance, and that not all the loveless matches and unhappy lives of badly-mated pairs can convince the world that in this it is deplorably wrong.

Short as the interval was before her father's arrival, Esther had already written a rapturous letter to Pen, overflowing with delight and affection. And it certainly gave Pen one pleasant thought in prospect of the approaching change, that Esther would be so happy. As for Mrs. Fancourt, she was seized with a bad tooth-ache, and retired to her own apartments for the day.

The first words of this chapter speak of "Esther's colourless life," which will surprise many young ladies of the middle class, who imagine that to be very rich is to be supremely happy. Never can dulness or stagnation affect the days of her who is surrounded by all the appliances of luxurious living: who has horses, carriages, servants at command, and knows not what it is to be straitened for a sovereign. So thinks the young woman who is obliged to plan and spare before buying a gown, and is pressed with family duties daily, and never has a carriage to ride in, when she sees her richer sister, to all appearance,

"Living more smoothly than mortals can."

But, could she behold deeper than the surface, she might alter her envy. Often did Esther Lombard wish for a

commoner home, and a life set with some duties of the common sort. She could have greatly enjoyed the dressing of little brothers and sisters, and teaching them the mysteries of syllables. She would have been at home in the dusting and decorating of a drawing-room. She pined for some employment involving usefulness. What signified to her any work she worked? A few shillings would buy better; and there was no pleasure in acquiring any new possession, because it was so easily obtained. The zest of endeavour was expunged from her life, and to strive towards some desirable end seems to be a necessary condition of earthly happiness.

A sudden sunshine lighted up everything mental at the idea of her dear friend's coming to Castle Lough to be its mistress. Esther had not a particle of jealousy about the latter fact; rather would she resign the sceptre gladly. But to the rapturous letter aforesaid succeeded some sober reflections. Why was Pen about to do this? Was it that she really cared for Esther's father? And, with all her love for her friend, some hurt feelings on her father's behalf would intrude, as it occurred to Esther that perhaps Pen was about to marry him simply for the sake of his money.

That was the construction which the world put upon it: "The old story, Beauty versus Mammon," they said. It would be another trophy added to Mr. Lombard's wealth; and the world thought that the handsome Miss Sarsfield was doing a remarkably good and clever thing: it only hoped that others of its daughters would have as keen an eye to the Main Chance.

And what wonder, when young ladies hear such like remarks daily, and the persevering preaching of Wealth as the *summum bonum* of existence, that a cold and precocious selfishness should take possession of their hearts, and mercenary calculations of their minds, obliterating the principles of right so far that they are willing to do evil for the good of gain? Few will question that Pen Sarsfield was doing evil when she promised solemnly at the altar "to love, honour, and obey" where none of those sentiments really existed.

Mrs. Sarsfield was in her glory, likewise in pearl grey and silver, which she had settled, mentally, for a wedding with a different bridegroom. Her noble relative, Lord Wyvern, was one of those who signed the register as witness. "Man of the People, Lombard," he said at his London club afterwards; "must have him in the House. Beautiful girl—princely settlements"—suggesting a species of barter with which his *confrères* were well acquainted.

They went on the Continent, of course. Mont Blanc had been a dream of Pen's since she had heard anything about "the monarch of mountains." But she was now to learn that an uncongenial companion could take the charm out of Alpine ranges, and vulgarize the scenes of deepest historic interest. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lombard had never heard of Morgarten or Sempach—scarcely of William Tell. He saw mere watercourses in the picturesque rivers, mere steep paths in the grandest defiles. Not even his love for his young wife could teach him sympathy with her on any point involving the education of intellect or imagination. He had been too hard at work all his life to read aught that did not bear directly on the multiplication of money. In plain language, he was a very ignorant man out of his own province of practical industry; and I fear he had a stupid time of it during this wedding tour. There were no associations in castellated rock or storied city for him; a factory full of spindles would have been more interesting than the Vatican, and Pompeii

was a perfectly new fact, in the midst of which he yawned.

Triumphal arches and bonfires awaited them at home. The working classes of the town were enthusiastic and obstreperous in their demonstrations. A great dinner had been given to Mr. Lombard's factory people by his order on the wedding day. Speeches were made, and healths drunk, and the local papers reeked with more of the incense which was their wont towards the rich man. Even the "Leinster Rapparee" had a good word for him, because he had taken care to propitiate the parish priest by a handsome contribution to a new chapel that was building.

But the evening of the coming home was chosen as that of the noisiest demonstration; and Mr. Lombard—like greater kings—thought it politic to permit the effusion of his subjects' loyalty, except that, when fifty of the brawniest proposed to take the horses from the carriage, and draw it through the town, he turned to the lady who sat by his side, and asked if she was afraid. "They shall not do so if it would alarm you, Pen."

"Oh, no," she answered, coldly: "I am never afraid;" and thus the people had their will, and made themselves beasts of draught for awhile. Many of the streets were illuminated, and especially the houses of the Lombard tradesmen; and a roaring, cheering multitude seethed along in them, exerting lungs and limbs to the uttermost. But the stately lady within the carriage never stooped forward, nor showed the smallest curiosity respecting all that had been done in her honour. Her husband, already very susceptible to her chill manner, and to personal slights from her, did not conceal his pique at last.

"See, they have lighted the factory, and very well it looks; and they have erected an arch of welcome across the road. I think you might vouchsafe a glance, Mrs. Lombard."

So appealed to, she leaned forward for a moment, saying, "Certainly, if you wish it," and saw a dark-looking arch of evergreens, embossed with the suitable inscription, in letters of light—

"WELCOME TO THE HAPPY PAIR."

Pen leaned back suddenly. The welcome was very true; the happiness taken for granted. It is possible her husband knew what passed in her mind, for he spoke no other word till they arrived at Castle Lough, and a very moody face was visible by the glancing lights. Some of the enthusiasts bore a few torches alongside the carriage, and uttered a yell at intervals, taken up and echoed by the crowd before and behind. Very pretty the lights looked to Esther's eyes, winding through the trees of the avenue, as she waited the arrival of her new mother; and it seemed so inconceivably strange to have Pen in such a relationship.

Also Esther could see bonfires on the hills, kindled so as to be shown best from the house—brilliant earth-stars of blaze. But now the shouting mass was rounding into the gravelled space in front, and a convulsive roar of applause went up into the welkin when Mr. Lombard stepped from the carriage and handed out his bride, and came back again from the hall to make a little speech, and thank them all, in Mrs. Lombard's name, as well as his own, for the enthusiastic reception accorded; and, as popular joy is invariably thirsty, he gave it in charge to certain of his underlings that this consequence of their excitement should be gratified.

Thus, with applause to the very echo, did Pen enter upon her new and splendid home.

Varieties.

SEAT OF THE OLD SAXON KINGS.—To the historian and the archaeologist the village of Bosham, situated a few miles to the westward of the city of Chichester, is a place of considerable interest. It was a place of some importance in the earliest times of which we have record, and is more than once mentioned in the old Saxon chronicles. The Saxon kings lived here, and the remains of an old forest still passes by the name of Old Park. Canute's daughter was buried in Bosham Church; and it is more probable that, if the story of Canute's lecturing his courtiers on the sea-shore be true, the incident took place here rather than at Southampton. This was the first place upon the Sussex coast in which Christianity was taught; for when Wilfrid landed at Selsey, about the year 680, he found a poor monastery already existing at Bosham. It was from this place that Harold started when he visited Normandy; and Bosham Church makes a conspicuous feature near the commencement of the Bayeux tapestry. It had long been acknowledged that the tower of Bosham Church was a Saxon work, and that it was the highest tower built at that period in the kingdom; recent discoveries show that there is a great deal of undoubted Saxon work in other parts of the building. There is a small crypt, several interesting monuments, a Saxon font, a very old chest, some good carved woodwork, and other things of interest about this church. The work of restoration is going on under the management of the vicar, the Rev. H. Mitchell, F.S.A.

THE "ONE TUN" RAGGED SCHOOLS, OLD PYE STREET, WESTMINSTER.—We rejoice to hear of the continued prosperity of this work of Christian beneficence in all its branches. At the Anniversary, in June, it was stated that there are above 200 children in attendance daily, 45 nightly, and nearly 100 at the Sunday-school; but, on account of the want of sufficient voluntary teachers, a large number of children are, very reluctantly, excluded on Sunday evenings. There are above 70 women, members of the Mothers' Meeting, which is held weekly. Above 500 boys and girls are members of the Band of Hope, which also meets weekly, and of whom 153 are depositors in the Penny Bank. And there are above 800 members of the Duck Lane Club, which has its separate efforts of Penny Bank, Loan Society, Sick Society, Barrow Club, Reading and Writing Classes, etc., etc. Thirteen boys and girls received the school prize for good conduct in their situations; of these, four girls are domestic servants, one lad is first-class boy in her Majesty's naval service, and four are shoe-blacks; two having been promoted to be inspectors, for good conduct, etc., etc., while many others are well started in life, and getting good wages.

A HIGHLAND SHOWER.—Under a bright sun and a cloudless sky you suddenly catch something like a thud on the hat. Startled, and looking upwards, some half-dozen tumblers of water come splash on your face. There seems no cause for this, except that the hills seem to be covered with tinfoil, and the sun looks a little hazy, and seems to be leering at you—but this only for an instant, while you are at the edge of the cloud; suddenly all becomes dark as an eclipse, while the tumblers rattle down in millions. After a couple of minutes the whole stops suddenly as with a jerk, or as if the grandmother of all buckets, and the Persians would say, had been emptied. When you come to your senses you see the cloud careering away like a black curtain, lifting its skirts over mountain after mountain, and revealing them to the sun, while stretching over its back is a double rainbow—not hazy and translucent, like common specimens, but all clear as if painted on a black board, though with colours so bright as to eat out any ever laid on by hand of man. On your own side everything glitters in the sun, as if millions of diamonds had been strewn about, and over multifarious clattering brooks tiny irises caper away in all their finery, like distracted fairies.—*J. H. Burton's "The Cairngorm Mountains."*

WORDSWORTH AT RYDAL MOUNT IN 1849.—I was then visiting Miss Martineau at Ambleside. Early on a bright morning, a tall man, not bowed by age, but having the deep furrows of many winters on his massive face, entered the house. I knew at once that it was the great poet, for no ordinary Dalesman with his stout staff and his clouded shoon would present a countenance so remarkable in its majestic simplicity. He was then in his seventy-ninth year. After a pleasant chat with my

hostess and myself, he asked me to walk with him to his house at Rydal Mount. As we passed along the road the cottagers and the children saluted him with a familiar and yet respectful greeting. He was their old friend, who had lived amongst them from the beginning of the century; who had interested himself in their feelings and habits; and who, in this constant and affectionate intercourse, was not likely to be moved by the exhortations of an Edinburgh Reviewer. He would not be likely to alter his way of life at the bidding of Mr. Jeffrey, and "condescend to mingle a little more with the people who were to read and judge of his poems, instead of confining himself almost entirely to the society of the Dalesmen, and cottagers, and little children, who formed their subjects." When I spent this pleasant morning with the great Lake poet, he had a little condescended to move out of his seclusion from the gay world to go to court in his capacity of Poet Laureate. He laughed a little at the idea of his state costume, and I really thought that the home-spun suit of wonderful Robert Walker would have been quite as becoming. Yet Wordsworth was a thorough gentleman. He showed me his favourite books and the antique heir-looms of his study, with the grace of an unaffected desire to bestow pleasure on a chance visitor; he pointed out the most exquisite points of view from his own garden; he sat with me for half an hour on the somewhat dilapidated seat that overlooks the Lower Fall at Rydal. He talked with a deep tenderness of Hartley Coleridge, the gifted and the unfortunate, who had died in the winter before. I was surprised at the very slight acquaintance with the more eminent writers of the previous ten or twenty years which he manifested. Of the novelists he appeared to know nothing. Of the poets he might be excused for not giving an opinion. He has been reproached with wilfully ignoring the merits of his contemporaries. I doubt whether it might with justice be attributed either to envy or to affectation, when he told me that he felt no interest in any modern book except in Mr. Layard's "Nineveh," which had then been recently published. I was fortunate in the opportunity of seeing this great man in that mountain home where he was best seen.—*Charles Knight's "Autobiography."*

THE JUDGE'S WHITE GLOVES.—It is quite possible for a national custom to be so long existing as to have outlived nearly all knowledge of the very cause which gave rise to it. The claim of the judge to be presented with a pair of white gloves at a Maiden Assize is a case of the kind. To give an instance: The late Lord Campbell, as reported in "The Lincolnshire Chronicle," March 14th, 1856, in his address to the Grand Jury, said, "He had received the joyful news that there was not a single prisoner in the gaol for trial—a circumstance, so far as the city was concerned, most creditable to the inhabitants and to all who presided over them. He (Lord Campbell) began his official duties as judge in that city six years ago, and now, for the third time during that period, he had presided at a Maiden Assize. On each occasion he had been presented with a pair of white gloves as a token of the innocence of the city, and he should again gladly claim them." The city sheriff then rose and presented his lordship with an elegant pair of white gloves, beautifully embroidered, ornamented with Brussels lace, and having the city arms embossed in frosted silver on the back of each glove. His lordship, on receiving the gloves, added "that the absence of crime was highly creditable to the magistrates, as well as the inhabitants, and he hoped they might, on many future occasions, have the gratification of making to other judges a similar present." The white colour may indicate innocence, as Lord Campbell suggests; but why a pair of gloves should be given is not explained. The only statement we have seen is as follows: "It is one of the few relics of that symbolism so observable in the early laws of this, as of all other countries. Its origin is doubtless to be found in the fact of the hand being, in the early Germanic laws, a symbol of power. By the hand, property was delivered over or re-claimed, hand joined in hand to strike a bargain, and to celebrate espousals. That this symbolism should sometimes be transferred from the hand to the glove is but natural, and it is in this transfer that we shall find the origin of the white gloves in question. At a Maiden Assize no criminal has been called upon to plead, or, to use the words of Blackstone, 'called upon by name to hold up his hand;' in short, no guilty hand has been held up, and therefore our judges have been accustomed to be presented with white gloves."—*R. B.*

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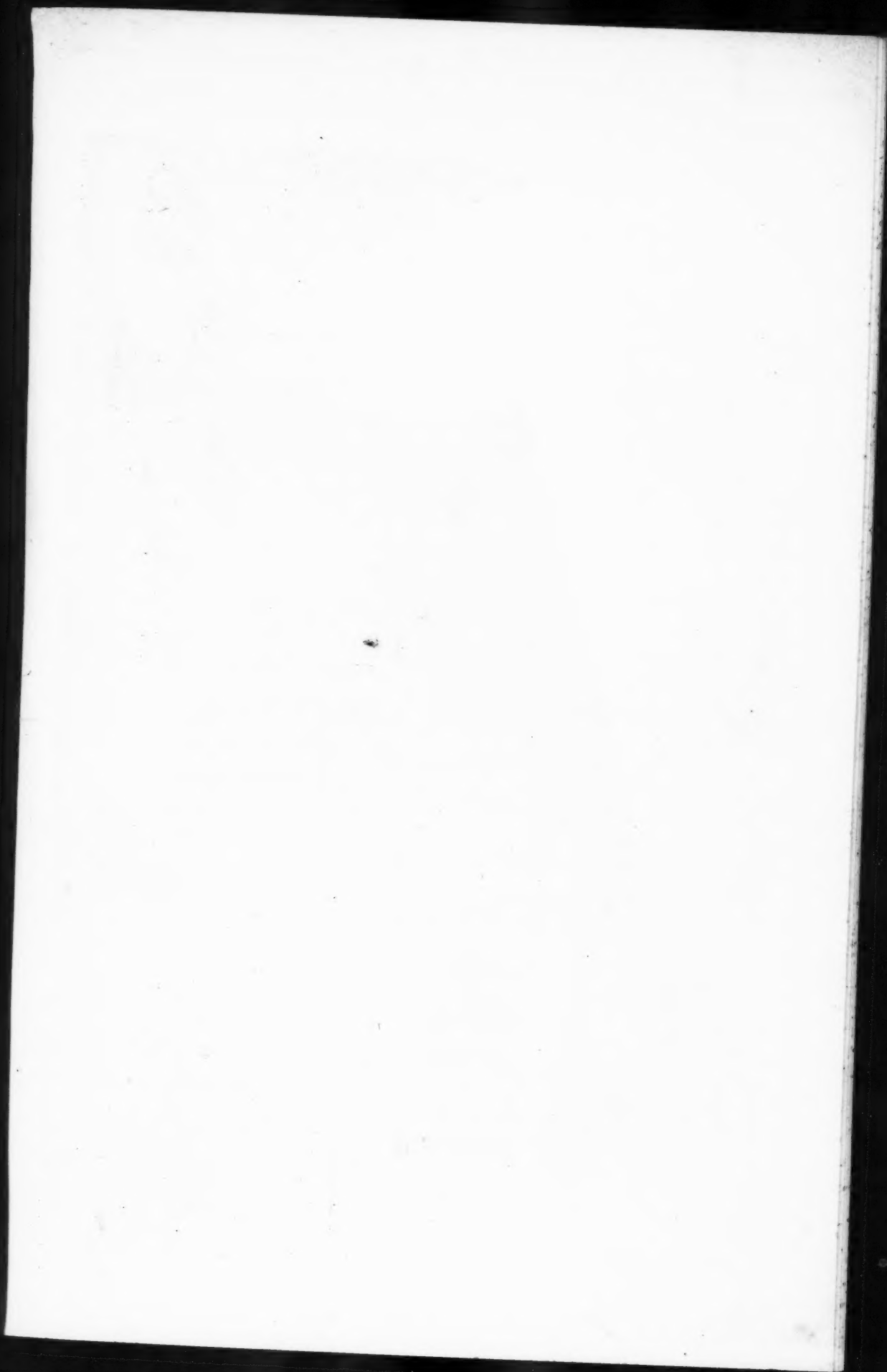
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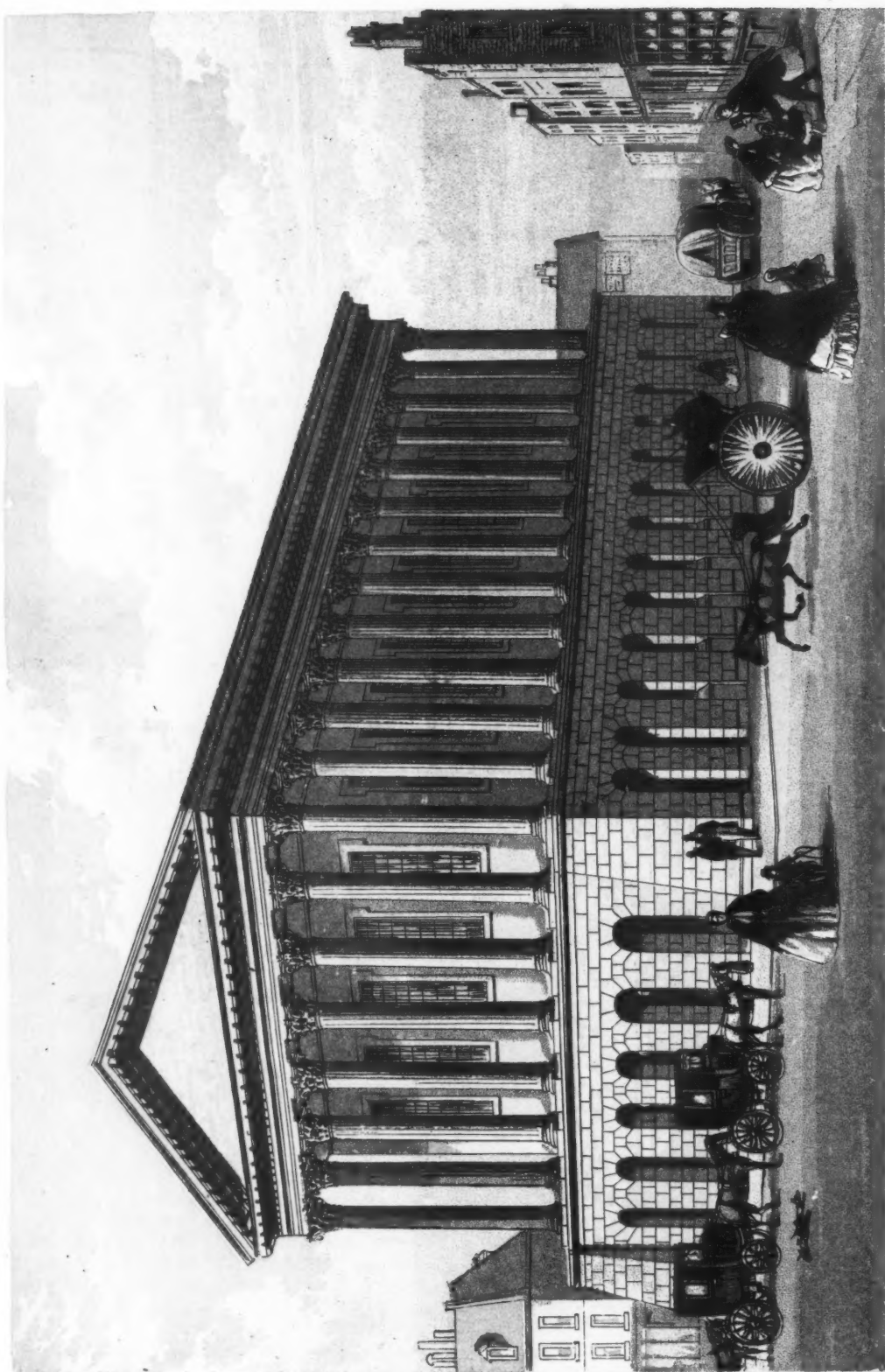
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